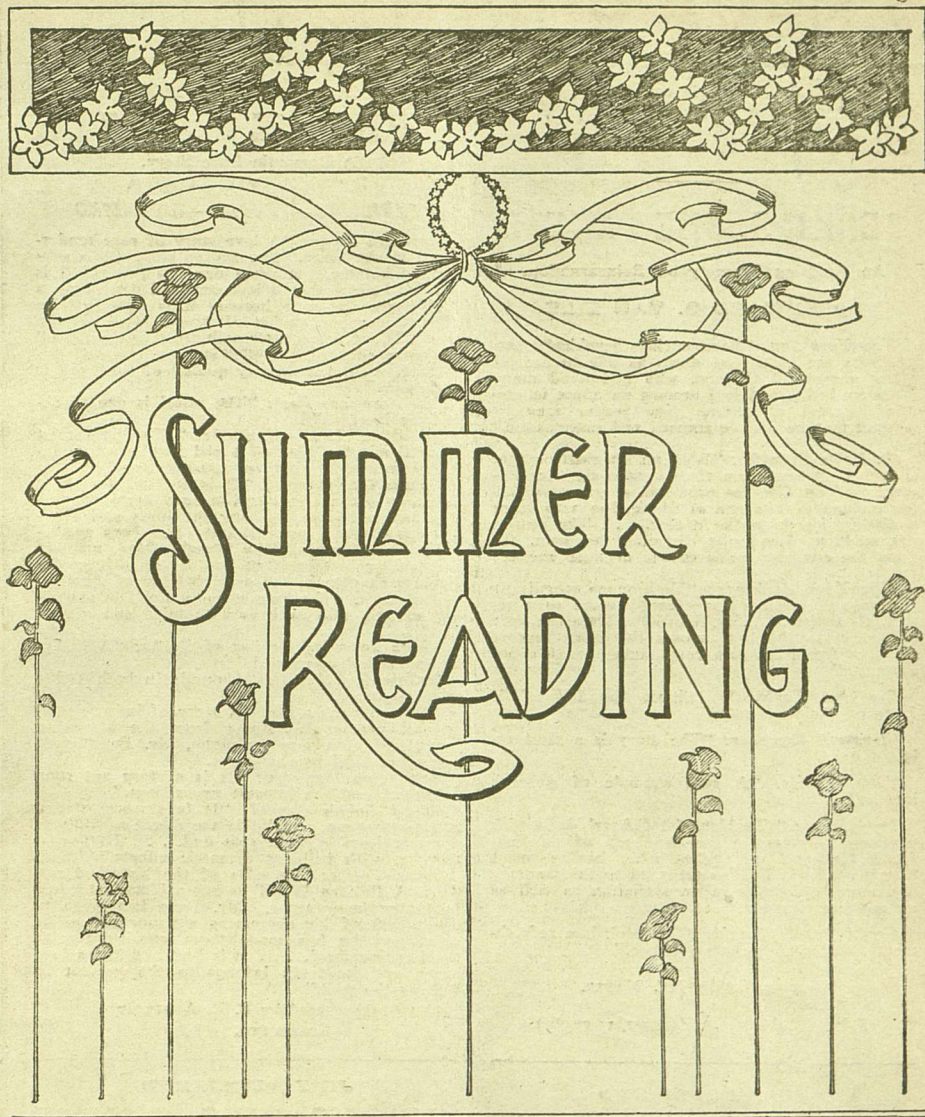


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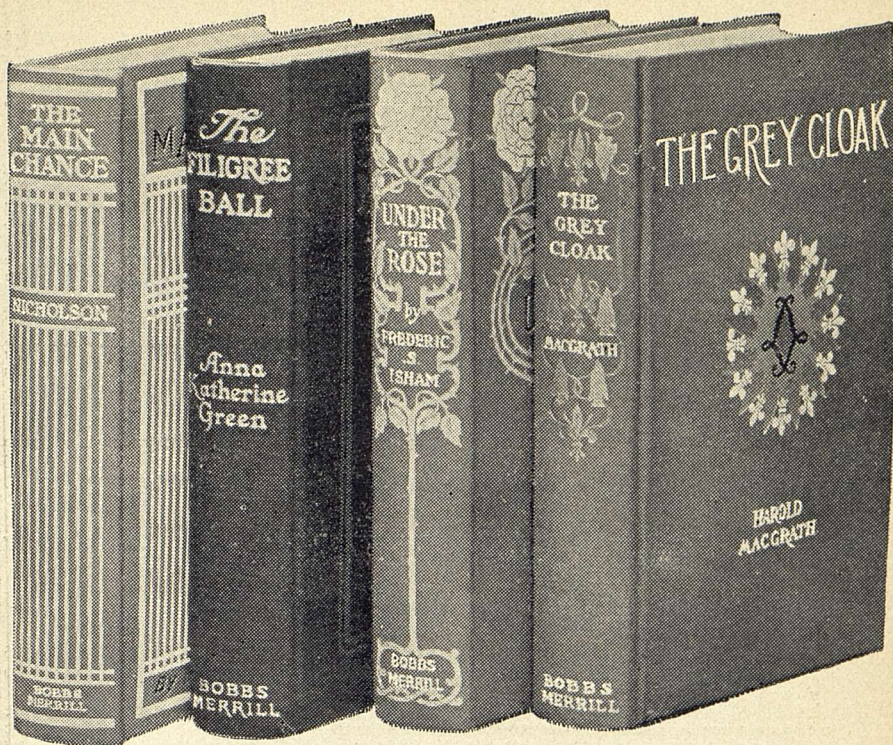


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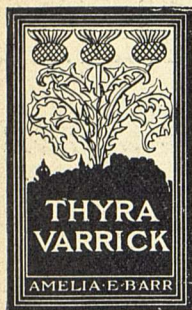
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This novel brings home to the reader a realization of how Christ would probably be received were He to come now. Mr. Pyle has told a modern story of human interest, into which he introduces Biblical characters who are made to speak and act as people do to-day, but who represent the same principles as they did when Christ came. With a reverence to which no exception can be taken, the story introduces a modern coming of Christ, His poverty, His betrayal, and a vivid portrayal of the way such events would be viewed by the people of to-day.

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From "Walks in New England."

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#### BLACKBERRYING.

### The Nature-Study Movement.

"Is the nature-study movement on the wane?", is constantly asked, and "Is the production of nature-books, to-day, smaller in

numbers than in previous years?" "No," may be answered emphatically to both questions. Books on the phenomena of the external world multiply as the years roll by, and the readers that seek knowledge and recreation in their fascinating pages, have grown into a vast army of all

This literature of the outdoor life having its beginning but a few decades back, seemed at first only a superficial attempt, with little to recommend it, to depict with pen and pencil, the outward forms and beauties of inanimate and animate life. The specialist and scientist derided it. Nevertheless it struck a responsive chord in the heart of the nature lover, without time or opportunity for profound study, who yet desired to become acquainted with the many interesting things easily learned, if clothed in untechnical language, about the trees and flowers and weeds, the birds, animals and fishes, and thousand other objects that claim the attention of the observing and intelligent outdoor rover. The name "nature-book," has not always been used in designating a work on the physical world. It is only since nature-study has become a cult, that the term has been adopted to specify an entirely new class of literature. In the not very distant past however, Thoreau, Burroughs, and many other eloquent writers, had taught us to look with their far-seeing eyes into Nature's heart, and to accept a new and healing philosophy for time's troubles and tribulations. It was these inspired preachers of the free life, that opened the way for the "nature-book" of to-day—a volume as rich in fact as in fancy, instructive and helpful without being tiresome to the average reader, and in such perfect sympathy



From "The Flower Beautiful." Copyright, 1903, by Clarence Moores Weed. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

#### A DOMINANT HARMONY IN YELLOW.

ages, eagerly demanding "more." The many books of this class published within the past twelve months amply testify to the continued interest in this direction, as do the many old favorites that still hold their place most tenaciously in reader's favor, and in publishers' catalogues.



with both the beautiful and useful of God's wonderful world, that one could not help acquiring from its reading a broader outlook, and a fresh and lasting interest in the common out-of-door happenings of his environment. The nature-book has never claimed to be scientific. Rather it is a revolt against science, as taught by the formal schools. Its aim is achieved in the awakened interest of its ever increasing disciples in newer and purer sources of enjoyment, and healthier and happier methods of living. "Nature study," Prof. Hodges says, "is learning those things in nature, that are best worth knowing, to the end of doing those things that make life most worth the living." This seems a definite definition, aiming conclusively at the fact, that the "nature-book" has come to stay. The first examples of it, placed in the hands of the little children of the schools, worked a revolution in the teaching of natural science. The study hour became a time of exquisite pleasure. It was a perfect joy to the little ones to be initiated into the mysteries of botany and kindred subjects, along this new and delightful road.

While Kipling's "Jungle Book" and even "Alice in Wonderland" were contributory sources in creating a wider sympathy and deeper sentiment than hitherto entertained for animal life, it is to Ernest Seton-Thompson, or Ernest Thompson-Seton, as he prefers now to be called, that credit must be given as the founder of the modern story of animal life. His "Wild Animals I Have Known," so rich in accurate descriptions of the appearance and habits of unfamiliar species of the animal world, did more, probably to popularize zoology, than all the scientific books ever written. It appealed too, to all our better instincts and finer qualities, and has had as much to do with the preservation of our wild game, as tomes of laws and regulations, that never reach the every day man or woman. Dr. William J. Long's work in this direction must not go unrecorded. In spite of Mr. Burroughs's criticism his books have made his name a household word. "Wood Folk at School," the fourth volume of his *Wood Folk Series*, is a fresh collection of fascinating animal studies of the inmate of the wilderness at work and at play, that old and young will enjoy.

When Mrs. Dana (now Mrs. Parsons), some ten years ago, introduced herself so delightfully to the reading world with "How to Know the Wild Flowers" she filled a want more urgent, than any one had ever conceived. The thousands and thousands of copies that

have been sold, and are still being sold, of this work, and its equally popular successor "How to Know the Ferns," illustrate most forcibly the hunger of the untrained mind for just such a key as she offers to the mysteries of the world of out-of-doors.

The instances we have named are but a few out of many, where the nature-book has become a permanent addition to our literature. Turn to any publisher's catalogue and desirable books in this line treating of all branches of the subject may be found.

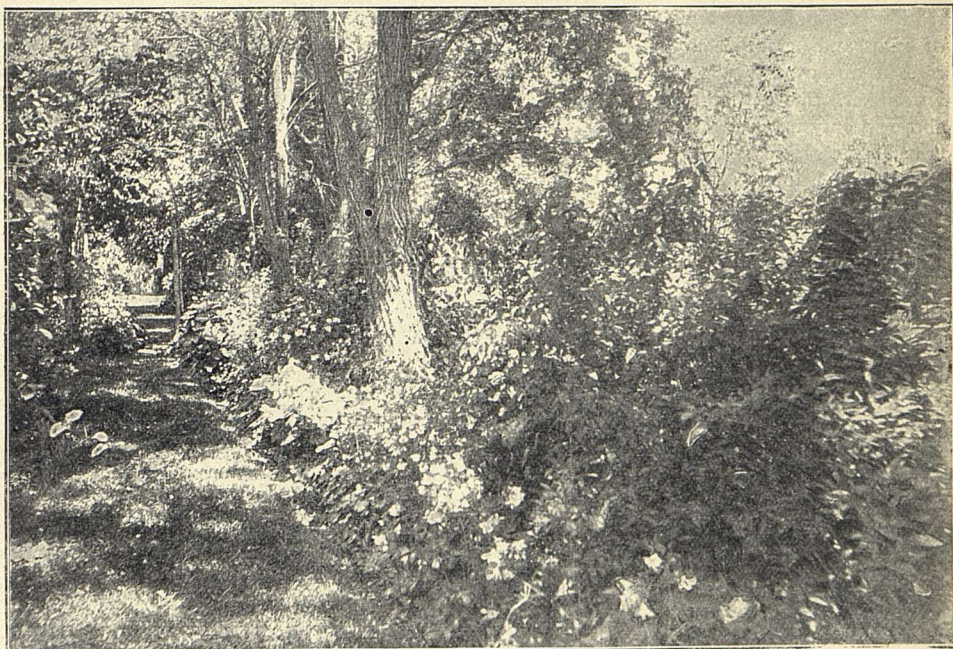
We have only space to call attention to the more recent nature-books, going back about a year in our effort to present the most important publications for summer reading. Two volumes are especially recommended to the pedestrian who takes his walks in Central Park or Prospect Park. The first, H. E. Parkhurst's "Trees, Shrubs and Vines of the Northeastern United States" besides giving their characteristic landscape features and fully describing them for identification by the non-botanical reader, gives an account of the hardy trees, shrubs and vines found in Central Park, New York City, several chapters being devoted to rambles around "The Point," the "Pond" along the Lakeside and in the "Ramble" in which picturesque landscape effects are also dwelt upon. The second book "Trees and Shrubs of Prospect Park," by L. H. Peet, is limited to the growing things in the Park, and is designed to be a pleasant and instructive companion for the Rambler. Harriet L. Keeler's "Our Northern Shrubs" is another handbook for the nature-lover, planned upon the same lines as her "Native Trees." The amateur botanist as well as the lover of nature, will find it helpful in identifying all shrubs that grow east of the Mississippi River, and from Canada to the northern boundaries of the southern states. It will also be of use to those decorating city parks or school yards, or home gardens, etc. Its numerous illustrations are taken from photographs and are very attractive. Maud Goings's charming "With the Trees," also illustrated from nature, is both practical and exceedingly readable. It tells in untechnical language in many descriptive chapters almost all that can be told of trees. About the leaves and the blossoms, when the sap stirs, and about seed time and sowing interspersed with many woodland incidents. Rogers' "Among Green Trees" and E. T. Cook's "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens" are more ambitious efforts, although not more attractive perhaps. C. S. Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs"



of which part 2 of volume 1 was issued is an exhaustive work in this line. New editions of F. Schuyler Mathews's "Familiar Trees and Their Leaves" and "Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden," with pictures of trees and flowers in colors, bring again before readers in more attractive form two of the best books in this line. "A Plea for Hardy Plants," by J. W. Elliott, is a beautifully illustrated volume devoted to hardy plants and their cultivation in gardens and win-

Beautiful," by C. M. Weed, treats the flower entirely from an artistic point of view—how it should be grouped, as to color and forms—the design of its holder, its background, etc.

Our little fellow creatures—the birds—never cease to be objects of special study. "True Bird Studies" taken from the note-books of Olive Thorne Miller, makes a delightful addition to her former bird books. Neltje Blanchan's "How to Attract the Birds" comprises attractive chapters on bird life and bird



From "A Woman's Hardy Garden."

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#### A SHADY GARDEN WALK, MAY THIRTY-FIRST.

dow boxes. H. D. Hemenway's "How to Make School Gardens" tells something of the school-garden movement in Europe and this country, and offers teachers practical advice.

Enthusiasts of natural scenery will find most stimulating reading in Effie Bignell's "My Woodland Intimates." She travels from New Jersey to Canada describing "God's out-of-doors" and the many woodland friends she encountered. C. G. Whiting's "Walks in New England" notes all phases of the New England year in its woods and fields, the most beautiful effects being reproduced in the illustrations which are taken from photographs made during the walks. Helen Milman's "Kalendar of Country Delights" is a combination of a calendar for planting, and pleasant prose and poetical selections breathing a warm love of the country. "The Flower

ways. Then there are "Birds of Lakeside and Prairie," by E. B. Clark; "Birds of the Hawaiian Islands," by H. W. Henshaw; "Birds of the Rockies," by L. S. Keyser; "Birds of Washington and Vicinity," by Mrs. L. W. Maynard; Bailey's handsome "Handbook of Birds of the Western United States," and a new revised and annotated edition, with additions by Montague Chamberlain, of Nuttall's "Birds," known to all ornithologists. Another deservedly popular work, "Bird-Life," by Frank M. Chapman, is superbly illustrated in a new edition this season, by seventy-five full-page plates of birds in natural colors, reproducing Ernest Thompson Seton's drawings. A fascinating biography will be found within the covers of W. E. D. Scott's "Story of a Bird Lover" and also no end of information relative to birds, studied all



over the United States. "Nature and the Camera" tells how to photograph live birds and their nests, wild game, etc. The author is A. R. Dugmore, who is a leader and an expert in the new movement of photographing live birds and animals.

In garden making "A Woman's Hardy Garden" is to be recommended as a serviceable handbook for those who love a garden, but are tired of or cannot afford the expense of bedding out plants. It gives one woman's long and successful experience, with clear directions for preparing and handling a garden of bulbs and perennials, so as to have a succession of flowers from mid-April well into November. The garden described is said to be about seventy miles from New York, the owner being Mrs. Helena Rutherford Ely. Also to garden lore belongs Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's beautiful work entitled "Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday." Not only is it an exhaustive history of the sun-dial both from a standpoint of sentiment and service, but of old-time roses as well. "The Book of the Wild Garden," by S. W. Fitzherbert and "The Flower Garden," by Ida M. Bennett, are suggestive of old time gardens. Add to these Mrs. E. Cecil's "Children's Gardens," and the second series of Leyland's "Gardens Old and New." "The Book of Pears and Plums," by E. Bartrum, "The Book of the Strawberry," by E. Beckett, and "The Book of Orchids," by W. H. White, are helpful handbooks for the kitchen garden and the hot

house. A new series, *Country Handbooks*, has for its initial volume "The Tramp's Handbook," by Harry Roberts. The lover of walking and camping should make it his pocket companion.

The sportsman has not been overlooked in the season's literature. In the *American Sportsman's Library* new volumes are "The Water-Fowl Family," by L. C. Sanford and others; "The Big Game Fishes of the United States," by C. F. Holder; and "Bass, Pike, Perch and Others," by James A. Henshall. To students as well as sportsmen the following books are of interest: Job's "Among the Water-Fowl," Jordan and Evermann's "American Food and Game Fishes," Sandys and Van Dyke's "Upland Game Birds," Huntington's "Our Feathered Game," Stone and Cram's "American Animals," Long's "School of the Woods," Bolton's "Book of Beasts and Birds," and Pycraft's "The Story of Fish Life." The two most notable books on insects are Miall's "Injurious and Useful Insects" and Eliot and Soule's "Caterpillars and Their Moths." Attention might also be called to the new edition of John Henry Comstock's "Insect Life," with its many beautiful full-page plates of butterflies and insects in their natural color.

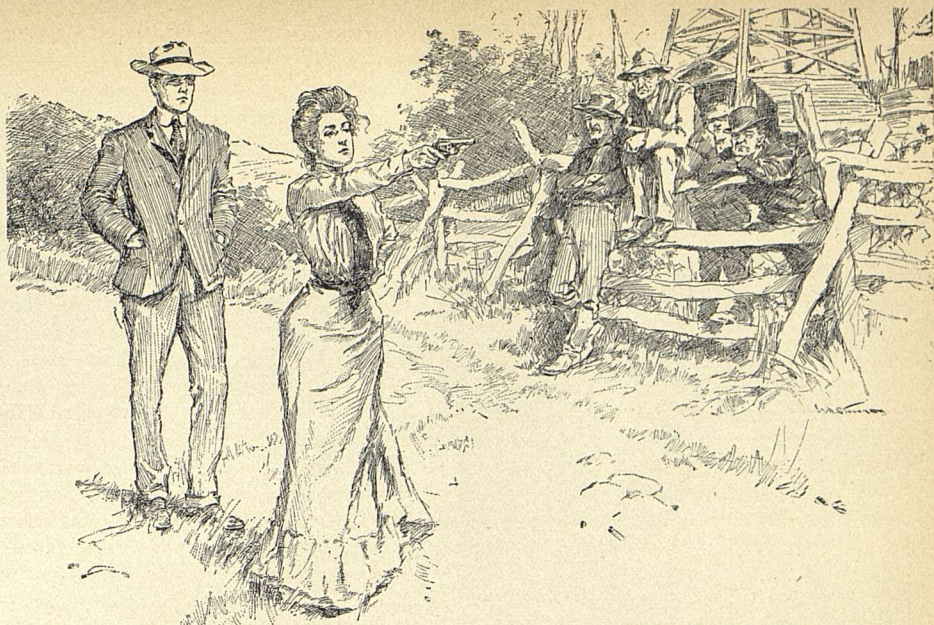
The protection of our noble forests, is another lesson taught by the nature-study movement. On this subject are Roth's "First Book of Forestry" and Fernow's "Economics of Forestry."



From "Down North and Up Along."

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From "The Triumph."

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"SHE RAISED HER PISTOL AT A DISTANCE OF ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE FEET."

### Books for Summer Outings.

"As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers, books are always with us, and always ready to respond to our wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings, or gather them round us at our firesides. In the lonely wilderness and the crowded city, their spirit will be with us, giving a meaning to the seemingly confused movements of humanity, and peopling the desert with their own bright creations."—J. ALFRED LANGFORD, in "The Praise of Books."

After the nature book comes the novel as the literature most sought for by the prospective tourist, to stow away in trunk or handbag, to lighten the dull and lagging moments of his summer holiday. Whether he strays by lake, or river, or seaside, over mountains or through verdant valleys—

its class. The reader may select a historical novel, a novel of adventure and mystery, or simply a quiet tale of domestic life, that exploits in exquisite style the charms of a country home in America or England. Our own writers and the best foreign talent have united to make this a notably prolific novel year.

Taking up the novels of a year past as they come to us, we shall bring them before our readers, with a few descriptive words to aid them in making a selection of something light and amusing for summer reading. An old-fashioned but very charming novel is Nancy Husten Banks's "Oldfield," depicting the "Pennyroyal" region of Kentucky with its rich and picturesque scenery, and a love story dating back to the last century. Two stories of Devonshire, England, full of local color, are "The Sheep-Stealers," by Violet Jacobs, and "The River," by Eden Phillpotts, whose last novel, "The Children of the Mist," is still in demand. Owen Wister's "The Virginian" has reached the very top notch of popularity. Based upon his own personal observation of ranch life in the extreme West, it fairly brims over with good stories and graphic characterizations. Williamson's "Lightning Conductor" offers a perfect feast



HELEN MILECETE

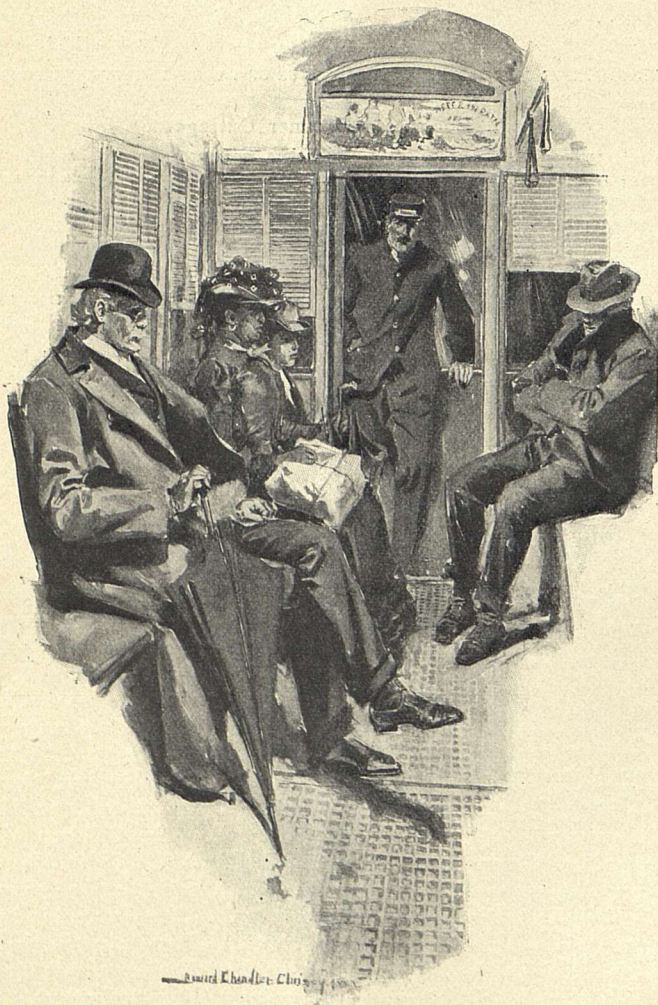
Author of "A Detached Pirate." Copyright, 1903, by Little, Brown & Co.

be the scenes ever so beautiful—days will still come to him when nature wearies and man delights him not, nor woman neither—as seen in the summer resort. Seeking the undiscovered solitudes of the wood and sands, he lives happy hours—almost too deep for words—in the printed pages of a good novel. The novel this year is represented by every species of



of laughter. A romantic love tale is developed on an automobile journeying through France owned by a rich American girl, whose *chauffeur* turns out to be a young English officer in disguise. Love, with horseback riding, football and other vigorous outdoor games, find in succession discussion in Lucy M. Thruston's "A Girl of Virginia." A thrilling love story of Scotland in the eighteenth century is to be found in Mrs. Amelia E. Barr's "Thyra Varrick." Anna Chapin Ray's "A Dominant Strain" is a grown-up novel by this popular writer, of great power. The hero's nature is a conflicting one through his Puritan and Russian inheritance. His evolution into a great opera singer is full of interest. Paris is the scene of an exciting novel of intrigue and adventure called "The Grey Cloak," by Harold MacGrath.

A number of the novels of the year past have been so widely advertised by reviewers and publishers that to mention their names to those so fortunate as to have the pleasure of reading them still in reserve seems sufficient. First comes Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter," the most profoundly human and moving story she has ever written. Next "The Confessions of a Wife," by Mary Adams, an admitted pseudonym; "The Pride of Telfair," by E. E. Peake, a tale of the middle west, with a most original hero; "The Circle," by Katherine C. Thurston, with its glimpses of theatrical life and the smart London set; "The Four Feathers," by the author of "Miranda of the Balcony," A. E. W. Mason, showing how an English officer accused of cowardice redeemed his good name; E. W. Norris's "Lord Leonard the Luckless,"

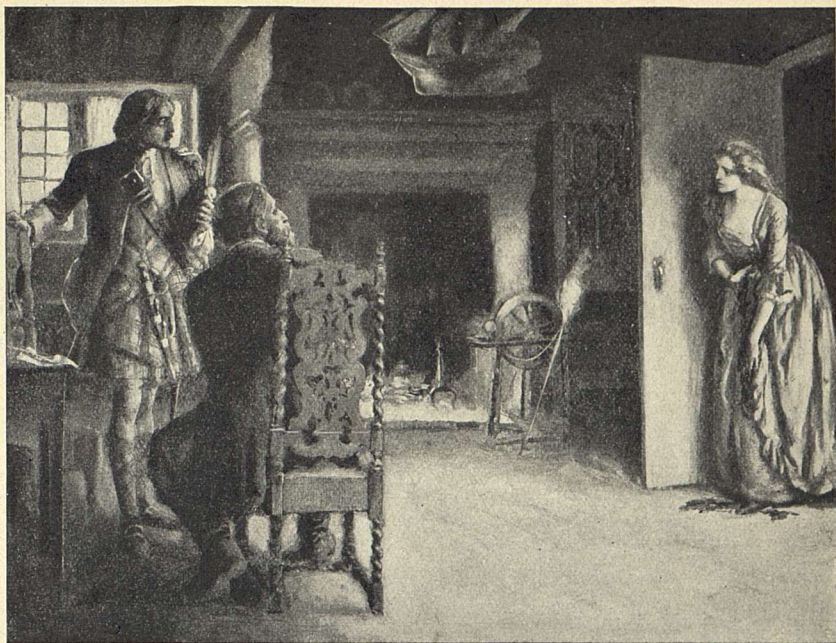


From "The Under Dog."

Copyright, 1903, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

DURING THE TRIP HE SAT IN THE FAR CORNER OF THE CAR.





From "Thyra Varrick."

Copyright, 1903, by J. F. Taylor &amp; Co.

## HE WAS SPELLBOUND.

imbued with much of the author's grim humor of earlier efforts; "Maxwell Gray's" "Richard Rosny," a story of a crime attended with many mitigating circumstances concealed for years; Mrs. Henry Dudeney's "Robin Brilliant" paints English village life with realistic force; "The Eternal Woman," by Dorothea Gerard, follows the career of a penniless young woman, who takes "Becky Sharp" as her model. "Lovey Mary" belongs to this group, although an unpretentious little book. It has had many readers, delighted to imbibe new draughts of Mrs. Wiggs's optimistic philosophy. Miss Hegan, the author, has become Mrs. Rice since writing her earlier work.

Other "silent companions" of the lonely hour that have been pronounced more than passing fair are Crawford's fascinating romance of modern Rome, "Cecelia;" "Fortunes of Oliver Horne," delightfully reminiscent of the Bohemian New York F. Hopkinson Smith formed a part of some forty years ago; "Captain Macklin," a spirited novel of the gentleman adventurer, by Richard Harding Davis, capably illustrated by Walter Appleton Clark; "The Wings of a Dove," by Henry James; B. K. Benson's "Old Squire," which chronicles the devotion of a negro slave during the Civil War; Cable's "Bylow Hill," and J. C. Harris's "Gabriel Tolliver." The first novel Thomas Nelson Page has written since

"Red Rock" is eagerly looked forward to. It is entitled "Gordon Keith," and relates to the days since the close of the war in New York City and Virginia.

"The Rise of Ruderick Cloud" is one of Josiah Flynt's stories of the criminal classes, the hero being a reformed "professional." A double identity forms the subject of R. N. Stephens's "Mystery of Murray Davenport." Both these novels have the scenes laid in New York. Charming views of the country and country living "far from the madding crowd" are offered in Alice Brown's "The Mannerings." E. W. Hornung is always readable. His latest novels are "The Shadow of the Rope" and "No Hero." Isham's "Under the Rose" plays in foreign courts several centuries back. "Tito," by W. H. Carson, is a particularly well-told story of a little Italian boy who comes to New York City on a mission of vengeance. A. and E. Castle's new novel is "The Star Dreamer." O. L. Lyman's "Trail of the Grand Seigneur" embraces scenes in early Canadian life. P. B. Mackie's "The Voice in the Desert" is fresh and original, depicting a strange temperament.

There are so many good novels that we are troubled with an "embarrassment of riches," and must refer our readers to our lists of books for summer reading, after a few more quotations of books that have been specially



talked about, such as Mrs. W. Ward's "The Light Behind," Mrs. Jackson's "A Daughter of the Pit," Forman's "Journeys End," Basil King's "In the Garden of Charity," J. P. Mowbray's "The Conquering of Kate," Edna Kenton's "What Manner of Man," Pelton's "A Tar-Heel Baron," A. F. Wilson's "The Wars of Peace," C. T. Brady's "The Southerners," Miss Rives's "Hearts Courageous," Oppenheim's "A Prince of Sinners," Somerville's "Racer of Illinois," Anthony Hope's "The Intrusions of Peggy," Miss Seawell's "Francezka," Ottilie A. Liljencrantz's "Ward of King Canute," "The Triumph of Count Ostermann," by Grahame Hope, and Marriott's "Love with Honour."

Volumes of short stories of more than usual merit are represented in Miss Daskam's "Middle-Aged Love Stories," George Moore's "The Untilled Field," Henry Van Dyke's "The Blue Flower," "The Under Dog," by F. Hopkinson Smith, and Mary Wilkins's last two works, called "Six Trees" and "The Wind in the Rose-Bush."

If a good laugh is desired, we would recommend two recent efforts in the way of fiction, which are not, however, exactly novels—"Wee Macgregor," by J. J. Bell, and "Elizabeth's Children," amusing pictures of quaint little ones, the latter recalling "Helen's Babies."

To those happy mortals who have not yet read Dickens or Thackeray or Scott, we should suggest that their acquaintance be made through some one of the new charming editions in the market. The *New Century*

*Library* stands for one of the smallest editions published of these classics. It is only  $4\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$  inches in size and printed on Nelson's India paper (Nelson), claimed to be the thinnest printing paper in the world. A whole novel is easily compressed into a single volume that may be comfortably slipped into the pocket. Also in the same library are leading works of Jane Austen, Lever, Bulwer, and Charlotte Brontë in similar and most attractive style. All of the volumes of this library may be bought singly.

The Oxford India paper Dickens is beautifully printed on the Oxford India paper, in long primer type. Easily carried in bag or pocket, it is a delight to the eye in every way. It is rich in illustrations, which seem indispensable to the full enjoyment of the novel. The volumes of this Dickens are sold separately. (Oxford Univ. Press.)

We do not confine our readers to fiction or "nature books" in the summer holidays, so have prepared lists under "Books for Summer Reading" of not only "The New Novels and Short Stories" and "Books on Outdoor Life," but of "Description and Travel," "Outdoor Sports and Exercises," on "Home Games," with many "Miscellaneous Books," which represent the best books of all classes recently published, not gathered under other headings. Prices and publishers are features of all these lists. The advertising pages should also be carefully scanned. Hurst & Co. offer numerous editions of standard works in cheap and desirable form.



From "The Grey Cloak." Copyright, 1903, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.





From "A Detached Pirate."

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GAY VANDELEUR.

### Why Things Went Wrong.

From Milecete's "A Detached Pirate." (Little, Brown & Co.)

I DON'T know why things went all wrong with my marriage. Colonel Gore made a perfect lover, but once we entered on the second month of our married existence we fought. I forget what about, something foolish. I was a fool, I didn't understand him and I didn't try to. My Aunt Lydia, who has now cast me off completely, brought me up in the atmosphere of a prison. We were taught to talk and smile by rule, and I never would do that. Her daughters are models of propriety, and are unmarried. We had too much to eat and too little exercise. I don't wonder women are giving up the dreary homes, where they are regarded as schoolgirls at thirty, and going out into the world to feel the wind of life in their faces and to hear the stirring notes of the music of action, which makes one's blood run quickly, as it never does in those dull middle-class houses behind the laurestinus bushes.

The woman who goes to work has my sympathy. The people who talk of England and her heroes seem to forget that the same blood runs in the veins of the women as in those of the men.

Well, Aunt Lydia sent me to balls on approval, and lectured me on the desirability of marriage. She was shocked when I said marriage was like hanging—irrevocable, and when the drop falls, one enters either Heaven or Hell. All their friends lived the same life

and talked the same talk, and labelled every one neatly in the well-arranged cubby hole they call their mind. I was labelled "Fast."

To the day of her death, Aunt Lydia will never forgive me for not marrying Mr. Bernard, the diamond merchant, who dwelt in the big villa on the Downs. He was very rich. His mother lived with him, and he informed me he would refurnish the drawing-room in the most expensive style for my benefit. When I again said "No," he inquired sadly if a European tour would be any inducement.

Aunt Lydia considered herself an excellent imitation of Providence; she pulled the strings and we ought to have danced to her pulling. I never yearned to wrestle with the dark things of life; I only wanted to work and live, and over and over again she refused to let me. I should have been a better woman (or a worse one) if I had been allowed to fight for myself and look inside the cupboards of Bluebeard. It is when a woman sees the dark corners, the loveless, dreary lives, which often are made loveless only through lack of opportunity and perspicacity, that she can appreciate love, care, and a man as God and a woman have made him. I would have a woman cold or hot, passionate or indifferent, but not colourlessly amiable. Aunt Lydia thinks men are angels or gods, and we poor women were created to smooth the way for them. Well, enough of women and Aunt Lydia. She breathed rapturously when she saw me in orange blossoms and knew that Colonel Gore would have to be responsible for my future.



**Whip-Poor-Will and Katy-Did.**

From Dunbar's "Lyrics of Love and Laughter."  
(Dodd, Mead & Co.)

SLOW de night's a' fallin',  
An' I hyeah de callin'  
Out erpon de lonesome hill;  
Soun' is moughty dreary,  
Solemn-lak an' skeery,  
Sayin' fu' to "whip po' Will."  
Now hit's moughty tryin',  
Fu' to hyeah dis cryin',  
'Deed hit's mo' den I kin stan,;  
Sho' wid all our slippin',  
Dey's enough of whippin'  
'Dout a bird a'visin' any man.

In de noons o' summah  
Dey's anothah hummah  
Sings anothah song instid;  
An' his th'ot's a-swellin'  
Wid de joy o' tellin',  
But he says dat "Katy did."  
Now I feels onsuhtain;  
Won't you raise de cu'tain  
Ovah all de t'ings dat's hid?  
W'y dat feathered p'isen  
Goes erbout a'visin'  
Whippin' Will w'en Katy did?

**The Kind of Music That is Too Good for Household Use.**

From "People You Know." (R. H. Russell—  
Harper & Brothers.)

ONE Evening a little Flock of Our Best People got together at the Home of a Lady who invariably was first over the Fence in the Mad Pursuit of Culture. She loved to fill her Front Rooms with Folks who wore 7/8 Hats and read Norwegian Novels that no one else ever heard anything about.

On the Evening already mentioned she had a Cluster of Geniuses on hand. They were expected to Talk for a couple of Hours, so as to work up an Appetite for Neapolitan Ice-Cream and Lady-Fingers. In the course of time they got around to the Topic of Modern Music. All agreed that the Music which seemed to catch on with the low-browed Public was exceedingly punk. They rather fancied "Parsifal" and were willing to concede that Vogner made good in Spots, but Mascagni they branded as a Crab. As for Victor Herbert and J. P. Sousa—back to the Water-Tanks!

A little later in the Game the Conversation began to Sag and it was suggested that they have Something on the Piano. They gathered around the Stack of Music and then Vogner went into the Discard and Puccini fell to the Floor unnoticed and the Classics did not get a Hand. But they gave a Yelp of Joy when they spotted a dear little Cantata about a Coon who carried a Razor and had trouble with his Wife. They sang the Chorus 38 times and the Young Lady wore out both Wrists doing Rag-Time.

MORAL: It is proper to enjoy the Cheaper Grades of Art, but they should not be formally Indorsed.

**A Tragic Mystery.**

From Green's "The Filigree Ball." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

A FORM lay before me, outstretched on that portion of the floor which had hitherto been hidden from me by the half-open door—a woman's form, which even in that first casual look impressed itself upon me as one of ærial delicacy and extreme refinement; and this form lay as only the dead lie; *the dead!* And I had been looking at the hearthstone for just such a picture! No, not just such a picture, for this woman lay face uppermost, and, on the floor beside her was blood—

A hand had plucked my sleeve. It was Hibbard's. Startled by my immobility and silence, he had stepped in with quaking members, expecting he hardly knew what. But no sooner did his eyes fall on the prostrate form which held me spellbound, than an unforeseen change took place in him. What had unnerved me, restored him to full self-possession. Death in this shape was familiar to him. He had no fear of blood. He did not show surprise at encountering it, but only at the effect it appeared to produce on me.

"Shot!" was his laconic comment as he bent over the prostrate body. "Shot through the heart! She must have died before she fell."

Shot!

That was a new experience for this room. No wound had ever before disfigured those who had fallen here, nor had any of the previous victims been found lying on any other spot than the one over which that huge settle kept guard. As these thoughts crossed my mind, I instinctively glanced again toward the fireplace for what I almost refused to believe lay outstretched at my feet. When nothing more appeared there than that old seat of sinister memory, I experienced a thrill which poorly prepared me for the cry which I now heard raised by Hibbard.

"Look here! What do you make of this?"

He was pointing to what, upon closer inspection, proved to be a strip of white satin ribbon running from one of the delicate wrists of the girl before us to the handle of a pistol which had fallen not far away from her side. "It looks as if the pistol was attached to her. That is something new in my experience. What do you think it means?"

**Paris as Seen From the Cafés.**

From Smith's "How Paris Amuses Itself." (Funk & Wagnalls.)

If you wish to see every type of Parisian go by in an endless stream of swarming humanity, seat yourself upon any of the *terrasses* of the grand cafés that line the sides of the grand Boulevards stretching from the Madeleine to the Théâtre du Gymnase. It is of all Paris the most frequented—the broad highway of this vast city into which pour the inhabitants of thousands of connecting by-ways.

Its stones are worn by the tramp and scuffle of countless thousands pausing to gaze at the crowded *terrasses* or to stop for an *apéritif*. The system with which these popu-



lar terrasses are managed by the generals and their lieutenants in charge of an army of hurrying waiters is perfect. These head-waiters in command of the sidewalk portion of these establishments will note your arrival and departure with the quickness with which a telephone operator detects the dropping of one of a thousand numbers on a central switchboard. During the rush you can spend hours over a six sous *bock*, but when you leave your table will be filled before you have mingled with the passing stream of humanity in front.

a1: *officier*, two gamins, and a pretty girl with a bundle. As you turn, a *camelot*, running in a pair of dirty canvas slippers, screams the latest edition of "La Patrie" in your ears, and a man in a top hat begs your pardon for having jostled you in the ribs. There is no time for formalities—he disappears in the stream and you are borne on with the tide to the corner. Taking advantage of a second's halt of the passing cabs, you dodge over to the opposite curb and into another section of the multitude. The crossing which you have just left behind is noisy with the snapping of



From "How Paris Amuses Itself."

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A PARISIENNE.—Drawing by Michael.

The types composing this multitude are as varied as the ever-changing pattern in a kaleidoscope. Every step you take brings you past a dozen individuals each one different from the other. Turn quickly, and count them if you can. The last moment has brought you by a motley score of merchants, a *cocotte*, an Arab sheik, a ragpicker, a lady, a Japanese, a *boulevardier*, a simple soldier,

whips and swearing *cochers*. In many of these carriages one catches a glimpse of fair women. In a passing cab a *blanchisseuse* and her sweetheart are enjoying a chance drive, with madame's tardy wash deposited in a huge basket beside the good-natured *cocher*. Old women pushing small carts cry their wares: "*Les belles pêches, voilà les belles pêches, dix sous la livre!*"



### A Gentle Champion.

From Howells' "Questionable Shapes." (Harper.)

"I DON'T see," she said, with her face still away, "why people make fun of those poor girls who have to work in that sort of public way."

Hewson silently picked his steps back through the intervening events to the drolling at breakfast, and with some misgiving took his stand in the declaration, "You mean the waitress at the inn?"

"Yes!" cried the girl, with a gentle indignation, which was so dear to the young man that he would have given anything to believe that it veiled a measure of sympathy for himself as well as for the waitress. "We went in there last night when we arrived, for some pins—Mrs. Rock had had her dress stepped on, getting out of the car—and that girl brought them. I never saw such a sad face. And she was very nice; she had no more manners than a cow."

Miss Hernshaw added the last sentence as if it followed, and in his poor masculine pride of sequence Hewson wanted to ask if that were why she was so nice; but he obeyed a better instinct in saying, "Yes, there's a whole tragedy in it. I wonder if it's potential or

actual." He somehow felt safe in being so metaphysical.

"Does it make any difference?" Miss Hernshaw demanded, whirling her face round, and fixing him with eyes of beautiful fierceness. "Tragedy is tragedy, whether you have lived it or not, isn't it? And sometimes it's all the more tragical if you have it still to live: you've got it before you! I don't see how any one can look at that girl's face and laugh at her. I should never forgive any one who did."

### Enter Tragedy—or Fate!

From Mrs. Ward's "Lady Rose's Daughter." (Harper.)

ON the threshold of the room stood an old lady, leaning heavily on two sticks. She was deathly pale, and her fierce eyes blazed upon the scene before her. Within the bright, fire-lit room the social comedy was being played at its best; but here surely was Tragedy—or Fate. Who was she? What did it mean?

The Duchess rushed to her, and fell, of course, upon the one thing she should not have said.

"Oh, Aunt Flora, dear Aunt Flora! But we thought you were too ill to come down!"

"So I perceive," said Lady Henry, putting her aside. "So you, and this lady"—she pointed a shaking finger at Julie—"have held my reception for me. I am enormously obliged. You have also"—she looked at the coffee-cups—"provided my guests with refreshment. I thank you. I trust my servants have given you satisfaction."

"Gentlemen"—she turned to the rest of the company, who stood stupefied—"I fear I cannot ask you to remain with me longer. The hour is late, and I am—as you see—indisposed. But I trust, on some future occasion, I may have the honor—"

She looked round upon them, challenging and defying them all.

Montresor went up to her.

"My dear old friend, let me introduce to you M. du Bartas, of the French Foreign Office."

At this appeal to her English hospitality and her social chivalry, Lady Henry looked grimly at the Frenchman.

"M. du Bartas, I am charmed to make your acquaintance. With your leave, I will pursue it when I am better able to profit by it. To-morrow I will write to you to propose another meeting—should my health allow."

"Enchanté, madame," murmured the Frenchman, more embarrassed than he had ever been in his life. "Permettez-moi de vous faire mes plus sincères excuses."



From "Lady Rose's Daughter."

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HER HANDS CLASPED IN FRONT OF HER.



"Not at all, monsieur, you owe me none."

Montresor again approached her.

"Let me tell you," he said, imploringly, "how this has happened—how innocent we all are—"

"Another time, if you please," she said, with a most cutting calm. "As I said before, it is late. If I had been equal to entertaining you"—she looked round upon them all—"I should not have told my butler to make my excuses. As it is, I must beg you to allow me to bid you good-night. Jacob, will you kindly get the Duchess her cloak? Good-night. Good-night. As you see"—she pointed to the sticks which supported her—"I have no hands to-night. My infirmities have need of them."

Montresor approached her again, in real and deep distress.

"Dear Lady Henry—"

"Go!" she said, under her breath, looking him in the eyes, and he turned and went without a word.

### A Sonata of Beethoven's.

From Gray's "Richard Rosny."  
(Appleton.)

EVELYN sat in full light under the two swords, where Richard could see her well. Two red roses burned in her cheeks, her eyes were like stars, her features exalted by strong inward excitement; her husband thought that her beauty seemed to grow with the days; she had forgotten the little grave in the churchyard at last. The piano was softly touched and the magic of the marvelous Adagio that opens the sonata in C sharp Minor filled the room. All the charm and mystery of the summer night, its flower-scented freshness and balm, sounded in that simple and softly flowing movement, that a child might play but could never feel; all the calm and soft sighing of a moon-burnished sea was there, wave shimmering to wave in hushed delight; all the glamour of poetic passion satisfied to calm was there, but ever and again the thunder of sleeping storm woke in the deep bass notes and calmed to peace again with far-heard boom. But in the yearning of the simple melody floating on the surface or rolling through the depths, was the wild, ever-restrained cry of unsatisfied longing, the infinite, divine despair of an everlasting denial, the "desire of the moth for the star." Now an exquisite hope rose in the melody and shattered itself upon a rock of denial; it rose and fell broken again and rolled back in surf and spray, to sink into the stillness of a sublime acquiescence, deep



From "Richard Rosny."

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"I MEANT WHAT I SAID," ADDED KATHLEEN.

down, where the storm thundered fitfully and trembled into silence.

Then, without a pause, followed the tripping measure of the Allegretto, light and bright and fairylike as the dance of moonbeams on rippling waves; delicate phrases chased each other from wave to wave, mingled and broke like the glancing gold-flake of moving, moonlit waters. Such light dalliance and delicate mirth will sometimes skim the surface of a profound passion. But through all there broke ever and again the faint cry of eternal desire and perpetual denial; the moonbeams danced with the waves, again and again the faint cry was heard. The *trio* plunged into still and secret depths, shadows danced on the waves, thunder of the bass muttered fitfully with a hint of coming storm. Then again the fairy dance of rippling waves and the faint, far-off cry of passion and pain.

The music touched Evelyn too deeply after the charm of real moonlight and faint-heard sea outside in the soft night; she could hard-





From "Darrel of the Blessed Isles." Copyright, 1903, by Lothrop Pub. Co.

#### DARREL, THE CLOCKMAKER.

ly hear it, and, turning, looked across the room straight into the dark, burning eyes of Ronald Musgrave. An electric current seemed to flash between them, something met and mingled with a thrilling shock in their meeting glances, a veil was snatched away; the music had told them all. An agony of exultation shook Evelyn's heart, and overflowed from the soft, dark depths of her eyes, a proud, fierce rapture flamed in Ronald's; for one delirious moment each knew and confessed everything; then the room swam round Evelyn, her glance fell, her cheeks burned. The world could never be the same again.

#### Away from the Blessed Isles.

From Bachelor's "Darrel of the Blessed Isles." (Lothrop.)

THE clock tinker rose and got his Shakespear, ragged from long use, and read from a fly-leaf, his code of private law, to wit:—

"Walk at least four miles a day.

"Eat no pork and be at peace with thy liver.

"Measure thy words and cure a habit of exaggeration.

"Thine eyes are faulty—therefore, going up or down, look well to thy steps.

"Beware of ardent spirits, for the curse that is in thy blood. It will turn thy heart to stone.

"In giving, remember Darrel.

"Bandy no words with any man.

"Play at no game of chance.

"Think o' these things an' forget thyself."

"Now there is the law that is for me alone."

Darrel continued, looking up at the boys. "Others may eat pork or taste the red cup, or dally with hazards an' suffer no great harm—not I. Good youths, remember, ill luck is for him only that is ignorant, neglectful, or defiant o' private law."

"But suppose your house fall upon you," Trove suggested.

"I speak not o' common perils," said the tinker. "But enough—let's up with the sail. Heave ho! an' away for the Blessed Isles. Which shall it be?"

He turned to a rude shelf, whereon were books,—near a score,—some worn to rags.

"What if it be yon fair Isle o' Milton," he inquired, lifting an old volume.

"Let's to the Isle o' Milton," Trove answered.

"Well, go to one o' the clocks there, an' set it back," said the tinker.

"How much?" Trove inquired with a puzzled look.

"Well, a matter o' two hundred years," said Darrel, who was now turning the leaves. "List ye, boy, we're up to the shore an' hard by the city gates. How sweet the air o' this enchanted isle!

"And west winds with musky wing  
Down the cedarn alleys fling  
Nard and cassia's balmy smells."

He quoted thoughtfully, turning the leaves. Then he read the shorter poems,—a score of them,—his voice sounding the noble music of the lines. It was revelation for those raw youths and led them high. They forgot the passing of the hours and till near midnight were as those gone to a strange country. And they long remembered that night with Darrel of the Blessed Isles.

#### In the World of "Graft."

From Flynt's "Rise of Ruderick Clowd." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

THE county fair was looked over, the rest of the "mob" were wired to come and assist in rifling the pockets of the innocent country folk, and all hands moved on to other conquests and plunder. Sometimes it was a busy railway junction that was "worked," sometimes the main street of a thriving town, then again a fashionable gathering of excursionists on a boating trip or at a picnic. It mattered little who were the people robbed, or where they came from; the "mob" wanted money, and poor and rich were treated alike. It stands to their credit that, on learning that one of their victims was the mother of a pal in prison, they returned her pocketbook with the money intact. But in general they asked no questions from their victims, and were not prepared to answer any. Ruderick's bank account grew apace, but not as rapidly as he hoped it would. Fame and high position in the Under World require nearly as much outlay to keep up appearances as they do in the Upper; hundreds of his dollars slipped away from him in social intercourse. Other celebrities were continually being met, and Ruderick had to be hail fellow well met. The money came so easily that a fifty dollar bill went in one treat without the expenditure being noticed or felt. It was pleasant to be called a "free spender," and it was part of the game after all to get all the reputation that one could. Moreover, how long would it be before he would be shut up and unable to enjoy any of his wealth? This is the tantalizing question which every criminal is continually putting to himself and can never answer. They all hope to save for old age, and at times put



by big plunder toward this end; but they have no sooner got it under lock and key than they say: "Will I ever be able to spend it?" It was Ruderick's ambition to get rich quick and then leave the "graft" for good, but he could not escape the fear that a prison cell might at any moment be his home. Then what would his riches amount to? Barcas, old and experienced as he was, could not relieve Ruderick's mind on this score. "Course it's all a game o' luck," he admitted, "but it don't do any good to worry. I go on the basis that I may be arrested to-morrow an' get five years. I try to live 's if to-day was my last, an' I try to save so if another day comes I'll have a nest egg. You may be lucky enough to get so many free days you'll pull out o' the game a big winner; but you want to get your fun as you go along, 'cause it may be all you'll have. I got some money in the bank, but if I should go over the Road to-morrow I'd be sorry I hadn't spent it. Money you can't enjoy ain't worth collectin'."

### The Practical Versus the Sentimental.

*From Stockton's "The Captain's Toll Gate."  
(Appleton.)*

SLOWLY walking over the grass, Olive went to look for Mrs. Easterfield, and found her in her garden on her knees by a flower-bed digging with a little trowel.

"Mrs. Easterfield," she said, "I am thinking of getting married."

The elder lady sprang to her feet, dropping her trowel, which barely missed her toes. She looked frightened. "What?" she exclaimed. "To whom?"

"Not to anybody in particular," replied Olive. "I am considering the subject in general. Let's go sit on that bench, and talk about it."

A little relieved, Mrs. Easterfield followed her. "I don't know what you mean," she said, when they were seated. "Women don't think of marriage in a general way; they consider it in a particular way."

"Oh, I am different," said Olive; "I am a navy girl, and more like a man. I have to look out for myself. I think it is time I was married, and therefore I am giving the subject attention. Don't you think that is prudent?"

"And you say you have no particular leanings?" the other inquired.

"None whatever," said Olive. "Mr. Locker proposed to me less than an hour ago, but I gave him no answer. He is too precipitate, and he is only one person, anyway."

"You don't want to marry more than one person!" exclaimed Mrs. Easterfield.

"No," said Olive, "but I want more than one to choose from."

Mrs. Easterfield did not understand the girl at all. But this was not to be expected so soon; she must wait a little, and find out more. Notwithstanding her apparent indifference to Claude Locker, there was more danger in that direction than Mrs. Easterfield had supposed. A really persistent lover is often very dangerous, no matter how indifferent a young woman may be.

"Have you been considering the professor?" she asked, with a smile. "I noticed that you were very gracious to him yesterday."



From "The Rise of Ruderick Clowd."

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"BE A CROOK ALL OVER, OR GET OUT O' THE BUSINESS."



"No, I haven't," said Olive. "But I suppose I might as well. I did try to make him have a good time, but I was still a little provoked and felt that I would like him to go back to my uncle and tell him that he had enjoyed himself. But now I suppose I must consider all the eligibles."

"Why now?" asked Mrs. Easterfield quickly; why now more than any previous time?"

Olive did not immediately answer, but presently she said: "I am not going back to my uncle. There was a woman here just now—I don't know whether she was sent or not—who informed me that he did not expect me to return to his house. When my mother was living we were great companions for each other, but now you see I am left entirely alone. It will be a good while before father comes back, and then I don't know whether he can settle down or not. Besides, I am not very well acquainted with him, but I suppose that would arrange itself in time. So you see all I can do is to visit about until I am married, and therefore the sooner I am married and settled the better."

### The Confusions of "Etiquette."

From "*The People of the Whirlpool*." (Macmillan.)

ALL winter I have noticed that great local interest has been taken in the fashion journals that treat of house decoration and etiquette, and on one occasion, when making a call at one of our most comfortable farms, I found the worthy Deacon's wife poring over an ornamental volume, entitled "Hints to those about to enter Society."

After she had welcomed me and asked me to "lay off" my things, she hesitated a moment, and then, opening the book where her fat finger was keeping the place, she laid it on my lap, saying in a whisper: "Would you tell me if that is true, Mrs. Evan? Lurella says you hobnob some with the Bluff folks, and I wanted to make sure before we break it to pa."

The sentence to which she pointed read, "No gentleman will ever come to the table without a collar, or be seen on porch or street in his shirt sleeves." Here, indeed, was a difficulty and a difference. How should I explain?

I compromised feebly and advised her not to worry the Deacon about what the Bluff people did or the book said, for it need not apply to the Cross Roads farmers.

"I'm reel glad you don't hold it necessary fer pa," she said with a sigh of relief; "he'd take it so hard, eatin' gettin' him all het up anyhow. Now between ourselves, Mrs. Evan, don't you think writ out manners is terrible confusin' and contradictin'? I wouldn't hev Lurella hear me say so, she's so set on keepin' up with things, but she's over to town this afternoon."

"I've been readin' for myself some, and observin' too. The Bluff folks that plays grass hockey, all over what was Bijah Woods's farm, men and girls both, has their sleeves pushed up as if they were going at a day's wash, and their collars open and hanging

to the hind button, which to my mind looks shiftless than doin' without. I do hear also that those same girls when they git in to dinner takes off their waists altogether and sets down to eat all stripped off to a scrap of an underbody. That's true, for pa saw it when he was takin' cream over to Ponsonby's; the windows was open on the piazza and he couldn't refrain from peekin', though I hope you'll not repeat. Of course they may feel dreadful sweaty after chasin' round in the sun all day, though I wouldn't hold such sudden coolin' wholesome; but why if women so doin' should they insist on men folks wearin' collars, say I."

I told the dear soul that I had never quite been able to understand the *reason why* of many of these things, and that my ways were also quite different from those of the Bluff people; for though father and Evan had been brought up to wear collars, I had never yet stripped to my underbody at dinner time.

### The Launching of the "Commerce."

From Tilton's "*On Satan's Mount*." (C. M. Clark Pub. Co.)

THE Norton platform near the water's edge was a gorgeous affair covered by a silken canopy and decorated with the richest of velvet and costly rugs. The regal fêtes of the Venetian doges had furnished the suggestion for the structure, and the old world had been ransacked for fabrics and ornamentation.

More attractive still to the eyes of the spectators was the figure of the girl in pale blue who stood in a little golden semi-circle that jutted out from the capitalist's stand. Her fluffy golden hair aureoled her sweet face, on which the dainty flag of excitement was already flying. She stood there alone before that myriad-band of men and women, undis-mayed, and yet modest as a Diana, a fit type of American girlhood at its purest and best.

Only for a moment, however, did Helen stand out before the rest. Then she touched a tiny knob, and immediately the balloons rose into the air carrying with them the great tent, and revealing on the marine stocks the strangest craft that was ever seen. Its most striking feature was a series of propellers of peculiar corkscrew type along the immense hull just below the water-line and beginning back of amidships on either side. It was evident to the crowd that tremendous power must be a characteristic of the new Norton boat, but at what expenditure of fuel or motive force could scarcely be estimated.

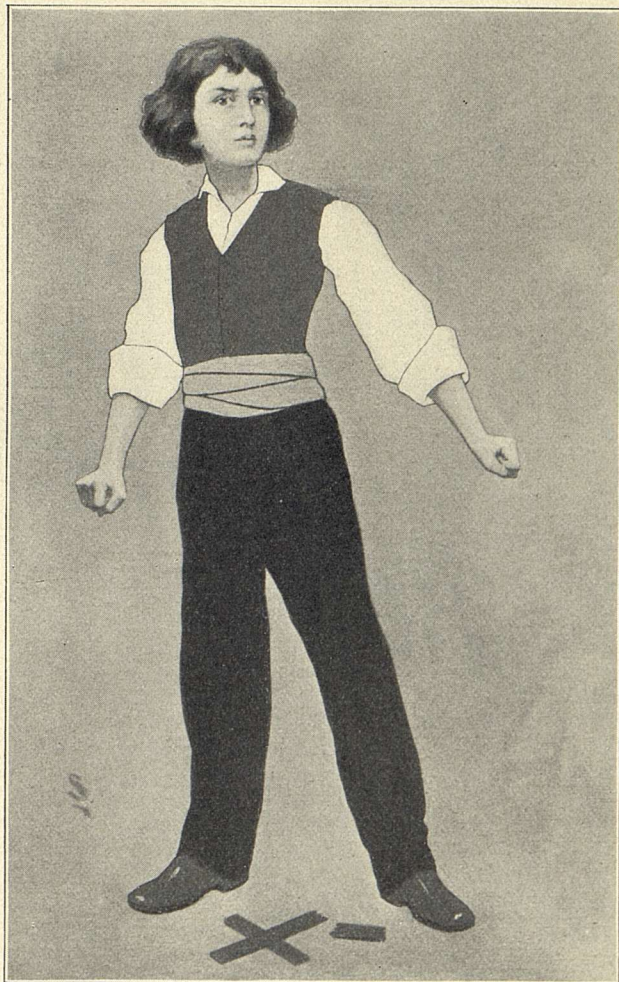
Before the scientists could even mentally calculate the cost of running such a monster, there was a great creaking of timbers, a shrill cry of triumph in the French tongue, and the sweet exclamation of a girl as she dashed a bottle against the side of the descending craft; then, amid the booming of cannon, the flaring outburst of a gigantic band and the shouts of tens of thousands of human voices, the boat slid into the sea with the grace of a water-fowl, and rode the turbulent waves like a conqueror.



Only those near the Norton stand heard the agonized cry of a woman as the ponderous vessel went past; only a few saw the coil of a great hawser, as if it had been some malevolent serpent, suddenly snatch up a lithe figure in blue and whirl it into the green and white water below. Craig heard and saw, and the picture was never afterward quite effaced from his consciousness.

the cable had crushed animation, perhaps life itself, from her body. He plunged on like a madman.

Just as the fair head was slowly settling in the seething water, Craig had the supreme joy of thrusting an arm around the girl's waist. The touch seemed to revive her, for she opened her eyes and gazed at him in bewilderment. She smiled, too, and murmured some-



From "Tito."

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"I SWEAR NOT BY THAT."

With a mighty spring he leaped over the velvet-bound railing and plunged into the swirling water. Even in the brief second of his descent he could see where the hawser had dragged its victim below the surface, and for that spot he swam desperately. A few yards ahead appeared a mass of golden hair floating on the tide.

"I'm coming; I'm here, Helen," he cried, but there was no answer and no sign of life in the upturned face. Craig knew that the girl was a good swimmer, and he realized that

thing he could not understand. But he felt sure that she knew she was safe.

Boats had now reached them, and their rescue was prompt and easy. The "Sea Lion's" sailors rowed them swiftly to the yacht, where John Norton was already waiting for them. Only the deathly pallor of his face showed the ordeal through which he had passed.

"I thank you, Philip," he said, simply, as he grasped his secretary's hand. "You have done me a great service. I am your debtor, and I shall not forget it."





*Ever affectionately yours*  
*Jane W. Carlyle*

From "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." Copyright, 1903, by John Lane.

### A Glimpse of the Prince of Dandies.

From "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle." (Lane.)

BUT there has been another Frenchman here that I would have given a gold guinea that you had seen. To-day gone a week the sound of a whirlwind rushed thro' the street, and there stopped with a prancing of steeds and footman thunder at this door an equipage, all resplendent with sky-blue and silver, discoverable thro' the blinds, like a piece of the coronation procession, from whence emanated Count d'Orsay! ushered in by the small Chorley. Chorley looked "so much alarmed that he was quite alarming;" his face was all the colors of the rainbow, the under-jaw of him went zig-zag; indeed, from head to foot he was all over one universal quaver, partly, I suppose, from the soul-bewildering honor of having been borne hither in that chariot of the sun; partly from apprehension of the effect which his man of Genius and his man of Fashion were about to produce on one another. Happily it was not one of my nervous days, so that I could contemplate the whole thing from my *prie-Dieu* without being affected by his agitation, and a sight it was to make one think the millennium actually at hand, when the lion and the lamb, and all incompatible things should consort together. Carlyle in his grey plaid suit, and his tub-chair, looking blandly at the Prince of Dandies; and the Prince of Dandies on an opposite chair, all resplendent as a diamond-beetle, looking blandly at him. D'Orsay is a really handsome man, after one has heard his speak and found that has both wit and sense; but at first sight his beauty is of that rather disgust-

ing sort which seems to be like genius "of no sex." And this impression is greatly helped by the fantastical finery of his dress; sky-blue satin cravat, yards of gold chain, white French gloves, light drab great-coat lined with velvet of the same color, invisible inexpressibles, skin-colored and fitting like a glove, etc., etc. All this, as John says, is "very absurd;" but his manners are manly and unaffected and he convinces one shortly that in the face of all probability he is a devilish clever fellow. Looking at Shelley's bust, he said, "I dislike it very much; there is a sort of faces who seem to wish to swallow their chins, and this is one of them." He went to Macready after the first performance of "Richelieu," and Macready asked him, "What would you suggest?" "A little more fulness in your petticoat!" answered d'Orsay. Could contempt for the piece have been more politely expressed? He was no sooner gone than Helen burst into the room to condole with me that Mrs. Welsh had not seen him—such a "most beautiful man and most beautiful carriage! The Queen's was no show i' the worl' compared wi' that! Everything was so grand and so preceese! But it will be something for next time!"

### Crossing the Salt Fork.

From Adams' "The Log of a Cowboy." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

TROUBLE never comes singly, however, and when we struck the Salt Fork, we found it raging, and impassable nearly from bank to bank. But get across we must. The swimming of it was nothing, but it was necessary to get our wagon over, and there came the rub. We swam the cattle in twenty minutes' time, but it took us a full half day to get the wagon over. The river was at least a hundred yards wide, three quarters of which was swimming to a horse. But we hunted up and down the river until we found an eddy, where the banks had a gradual approach to deep water, and started to raft the wagon over—a thing none of the outfit had ever seen done, though we had often heard of it around campfires in Texas. The first thing was to get the necessary timber to make the raft. We scouted along the Salt Fork for a mile either way before we found sufficient dry, dead cottonwood to form our raft. Then we set about cutting it, but we had only one axe, and were the poorest set of axemen that were ever called upon to perform a similar task; when we cut a tree it looked as though a beaver had gnawed it down. On horseback the Texan shines at the head of his class, but in any occupation which must be performed on foot he is never a competitor. There was scarcely a man in our outfit who could not swing a rope and tie down a steer in a given space of time, but when it came to swinging an axe to cut logs for the raft, our lustre faded. "Cutting these logs," said Joe Stallings, as he mopped the sweat from his brow, "reminds me of what the Tennessee girl who married a Texan wrote home to her sister. 'Texas,' so she wrote, 'is a good place for



men and dogs, but it's hell on women and oxen."

Dragging the logs up to the place selected for the ford was an easy matter. They were light, and we did it with ropes from the pommels of our saddles, two to four horses being sufficient to handle any of the trees. When everything was ready, we ran the wagon out into two-foot water and built the raft under it. We had cut the dry logs from eighteen to twenty feet long, and now ran a tier of these under the wagon between the wheels. These we lashed securely to the axle, and even lashed one large log on the underside of the hub on the outside of the wheel. Then we cross-timbered under these, lashing everything securely to this outside guard log. Before we had finished the cross-timbering, it

was necessary to take an anchor rope ashore for fear our wagon would float away. By the time we had succeeded in getting twenty-five dry cottonwood logs under our wagon, it was afloat. Half a dozen of us then swam the river on our horses, taking across the heaviest rope we had for a tow line. We threw the wagon tongue back and lashed it, and making fast to the wagon with one end of the tow rope, fastened our lariats to the other. With the remainder of our unused rope, we took a guy line from the wagon and snubbed it to a tree on the south bank. Everything being in readiness, the word was given, and as those on the south bank eased away, those on horseback on the other side gave the rowl to their horses, and our commissary floated across.



From "The Log of a Cowboy."

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CROSSING THE PLATTE.



### An Unconscious Object-Lesson.

From Pier's "The Triumph." (McClure, Phillips.)

NEAL had a quick inspiration. "Pistols!" he mocked her. "Pistols! Pshaw!"

With a quiet delight he saw he had now made her too angry to speak. She had set her lips with the expression that means, "Don't let me say anything I shall be sorry for."

"Why, I don't suppose with your little pistol," he continued, good-naturedly, "you could hit a burglar under the bed. A woman with a pistol is just a little more helpless than a woman without one. She's just that much more scared of hurting herself. And as for marksmanship—why, maybe a woman can hit the bull's-eye in target practice right along, shooting by herself; but just as soon as there's anybody looking on, or any real necessity for a shot, she's such a bundle of nerves you can always count on her to miss. You'd better let Wilbur have charge of the pistols and get yourself a burglar alarm," he concluded, amiably.

The expression on her face did not change; she rose and went into the house. Neal sat on the step and smiled, though it was rather a rueful smile.

She came out, as he had expected, carrying a pistol.

"I will show you whether a woman can shoot or not," she said, so vindictively that he could not refrain from asking—though he knew it was unwise—"Are you going to use the gun on me?"

"What would you like to have me hit?" she asked, in an immobile voice.

"Don't harm the birds," he pleaded, noticing that her unseeing gaze was fixed on a sparrow in the road. "Haven't you an old tin can somewhere?"

"You can look for one, if you want to, back by the wood-shed," she responded.

It did not take Neal long to find such an article.

"Put it on that stone across the road," she said, when he returned with it.

"Oh, no," he answered. "The object of this is to show you can shoot with people looking on. So we'll move down here a little way, so that these men can see."

He started with the can toward the derrick. His motive flashed upon the girl, and a smile twitched the corner of her mouth. He was diplomatic enough not to notice it.

She walked with him, presenting her austere countenance, but feeling in place of anger amusement at his cleverness in making her do a thing which, if he had merely asked it, she would never have done.

Two men who had been hammering inside the derrick came out and watched the approach with some curiosity. Sipe and Braddish stared and talked together in an apparently unfriendly interest. Neal paid no attention to them; when he got within about fifty feet of where Sipe was sitting he placed the tin can on a fence-post. The sun glinted on the revolver in the girl's hand, and the two men out in the field came over to Sipe and Braddish. They were short-heavy-set,

and powerful; one of them had long-gorilla-like arms. In the unremitting, silent gaze of the four men there was a hostile quality that Neal felt, and that he feared might make Eleanor nervous. He wanted to tell her not to stand too far off, not to take any chances, but he was afraid it might only add to her nervousness. She raised her pistol at a distance of about thirty-five feet.

There was a report, and the can tumbled from the fence-post.

"Good shot!" Neal cried, picking the can up and replacing it. "Those things will happen sometimes. Can you do it again?"

She stepped back ten or fifteen feet, raised her pistol quickly, and fired without pausing to take aim; again the can tumbled.

Neal glanced over at the men; the two whom he did not know were talking and shaking their heads; Braddish stood with his arms folded in grim silence; Sipe called out, in his wheedling voice:

"That's right good shootin', Miss Eleanor!"

"I guess it will do," Eleanor said, and turning, unconcernedly, she walked back toward the house.

### "Marked for Failure."

From Stephens' "The Mystery of Murray Davenport." (Page.)

"MURRAY DAVENPORT is a marked name; marked for failure. You must know, Mr. Larcher, I'm not only a Jonah; I'm that other ludicrous figure in the world,—a man with a grievance; a man with a complaint of injustice. Not that I ever air it; it's long since I learned better than that. I never speak of it, except in this casual way when it comes up apropos; but people still associate me with it, and tell newcomers about it, and find a moment's fun in it. And the man who is most hugely amused at it, and benevolently humors it, is the man who did me the wrong. For it's been a part of my fate that, in spite of the old injury, I should often work for his pay. When other resources fail, there's always he to fall back on; he always has some little matter I can be useful in. He poses then as my constant benefactor, my sure reliance in hard times. And so he is, in fact; though the fortune that enables him to be built on the profits of the game he played at my expense. I mention it to you, Mr. Larcher, to forestall any other account, if you should happen to speak of me where my name is known. Please let nobody assure you, either that the wrong is an imaginary one, or that I still speak of it in a way to deserve the name of a man with a grievance."

His composed, indifferent manner was true to his words. He spoke, indeed, as one to whom things mattered little, yet who, being originally of a social and communicative nature, talks on fluently to the first intelligent listener after a season of solitude. Larcher was keen to make the most of a mood so favorable to his own purpose in seeking the man's acquaintance.

"You may trust me to believe nobody but yourself, if the subject ever comes up in my presence," said Larcher. "I can certainly tes-





From "The Mystery of Murray Davenport."

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"YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME TO THE USE OF MY AUTOMOBILE."

tify to the cool, unimpassioned manner in which you speak of it."

"I find little in life that's worth getting warm or impassioned about," said Davenport, something half wearily, half contemptuously.

"Have you lost interest in the world to that extent?"

"You perceive I have the musty look of a solitary," said Davenport. "That's true, of late. But as to getting about, 'man delights not me'—to fall back on Hamlet again—at least not from my present point of view."

"Nor woman neither?" quoted Larcher, interrogatively.

"No, nor woman neither," said Davenport slowly, a coldness coming upon his face. "I don't know what your experience may have been. We have only our own lights to go by; and mine have taught me to expect nothing from women. Fairweather friends; creatures that must be amused, and are unscrupulous at whose cost or how great. One of their amusements is to be worshipped by

a man; and to bring that about they will pretend love, with a pretence that would deceive the devil himself. The moment they are bored with the pastime, they will drop the pretence, and feel injured if the man complains. We take the beauty of their faces, the softness of their eyes, for the outward signs of tenderness and fidelity; and for those supposed qualities, and others which their looks seem to express, we love them. But they have not those qualities; they don't even know what it is that we love them for; they think it is for the outward beauty, and that that is enough. They don't even know what it is that we, misled by that outward softness, imagine is beyond; and when we are disappointed to find it isn't there, they wonder at us and blame us for inconstancy. The beautiful woman who could be what she looks—who could really contain what her beauty seems the token of—whose soul, in short, could come up to the promise of her face,—there would be a creature!



### A Lovely Vision.

From Barr's "Thyra Varrick." (J. F. Taylor & Co.)

As he spoke the door moved slowly inward, and Thyra Varrick stood in the open space. In a moment her eyes caught Hector's eyes, and then it was, as Revan said it would be, he was spellbound by her loveliness, and his whole being absorbed by her astonishing beauty.

She was very tall, and nobly formed. Her hair was of rich, light-brown color, and, though partially confined by an amber comb on the top of her head, fell in long, bright waves about her; blown by the sea winds into the most picturesque confusion. Her face was oval in form, her features perfect, her complexion beyond expression delicate and lovely. Her eyes were deeply violet in color, mysterious, fascinating, and shaded by long lashes; and her mouth, shaped like Cupid's bow, was rosy, smiling, and tender. Without a doubt she was fleshly perfect; and she apparently owed little to her dress, which was only a dark-blue flannel gown, closed to her white throat and falling to her feet. But as she stood thus in the open door, with one hand full of tangle and purple and scarlet seaweeds, she was a revelation of womanly loveliness, of visible feminine sweetness, that subjugated the heart by its simple presence.

A fierce, abrupt passion, flaming up at the first sight of her, took entire possession of Hector. All his past was consumed to ashes by it. His home in the Hebrides, his Prince in Paris, his love in the strath of MacArgall, they were tales that were told and forgotten. In an instant he became the thrall of a passion so great, and so importunate, that it was as restless as one of the great forces of nature.

Varrick ceased speaking; he saw that Hector had become all sight, and that he heard nothing that was said. Then there came an instant of that strange silence, when all understand that a star is rising or falling, that a fight is over, or a destiny decided. In this case, it was Hector's destiny. This moment had been waiting for him, and Thyra's first glance warned him of it. The captain understood it as it related to himself. He smiled sarcastically; he was quite aware of his daughter's beauty and of the power it exercised; but his look at Hector said as plainly as words could have done:

"So, then, this is thy loyalty. A woman drives it into a corner at once. It is just as I thought." But he rose and said, "Thyra, this is Major MacDonald. Give him some welcome," and she lifted her eyes to his eager gaze, and in that moment he wished to kiss her ten thousand times.

Then Thyra went to hang up the long strand of tangle behind the parlor door, saying, "It is to tell us how the weather is going to be." And Hector pretended ignorance, and so he went to her side and watched her, and even touched her hand, while his soul drank in her simple words:

"Hast thou not heard that if the tangle be wet then we shall have rain; and if the tangle be dry—why, then we shall have sunshine?"

### Athletic "Training" for Women.

From "Athletics and Outdoor Sports for Women." (Macmillan.)

COLLEGE women are beginning to recognize the true relation of the body and mind and to value physical training as an aid to the best intellectual activity. There is also an increasing appreciation of physical beauty to be found in abounding health, grace of motion, and dignity of bearing.

Women should also recognize the need of perfect organization in all sports calling for teams, crews, or champions. The ethical value of "athletics for women" may be placed side by side with the physical value. The necessary submission to strict discipline, the unquestioning obedience demanded by the officers, the perfect control of the temper and sensitiveness under coaching; together with the fact that she must be absolutely unselfish in order to become a loyal and valued member of her organization, develops a young girl's character while she develops her muscles.

The word "training" as applied to the extreme care of the body preceding an event requiring a high degree of physical and nervous effort, has not the man's interpretation in the woman's college. We believe that "training" is simple, practical "right living." That the "training" need never be so extreme as to make it desirable to "break training." The interest in an organized sport is a legitimate and effective cat's-paw in establishing hygienic habits of living, and we hope that the common sense and improved health of the girl will encourage her to continue in her abstinence from sweets, her eight hours—or more—of sleep, her cold-water baths, and her daily exercise in the open air.

Too despotic, mechanical "training" should be discouraged, as an appreciation of the intrinsic value of right living must be acknowledged by the individual if permanent benefit is to be gained.

The "event" for which women should train is a long and happy life of usefulness—with no "nerves."

### "You Dare Not Stay Me!"

From McChesney's "Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse" (Lane.)

Now as he glanced down the narrow aisle of the camp, Strong saw a group of the men gathered in eager talk. For the most part in that stern and zealous Army such a sight would have meant that some self-authorized divine was holding forth, or some political dreamer building his visions of a perfect state. But this time as the knot of men parted, not without rough laughter, a woman slipped from their midst and made her way quickly and lightly on between the huts. Strong's brow darkened and he took a quick stride onward as if in pursuit. The woman was poorly habited, wearing a hooded cloak of gray, and she carried on one arm a basket heaped with herbs.

Strong watched her with a sad sternness but with a look of one shadowed by an inner thought rather than concerned with that



which he gazed on. And while he watched a soldier had met and stopped the hooded woman.

"What wares have you there?" he asked with a hand on the basket but with a free glance into the bearer's face.

"Herbs and simples," she answered in a clear voice, "cures for fever and wounds," and her voice dropped somewhat, "sure preventives of the plague which is raging yonder." She pointed with a tremulous gesture towards Bristol.

The man followed her movement with an uneasy glance, "Nay then," he growled, "we are assured by the General that the Lord will preserve us even against the plague if we be so fond to storm a pesthouse. But in the meanwhile," he shook off his fear in a boisterous laugh, "here be the best of thy wares," and stooping suddenly he kissed her with violence.

She struggled to escape his grasp, but, strangely enough, without uttering a cry.

Help was nearer than she could have deemed. Cornet Strong sprang upon the soldier, wrenching him from his prey.

"May God judge thee," he cried sternly, "and the memory of the mother which bore thee. Get thee hence from the woman, thou carnal sinner, lest I denounce thee as unworthy to draw the sword among God's elect."

Cowed and angry the man drew away, for that Puritan Army gave harsh measure to any soldier guilty of misrule. The Cornet turned with an impersonal pity to the woman who still crouched near him, her herbs scattered on the ground.

"Here is no fitting place for thee," said the Puritan. "Rise and follow, that I may—"

The words snapped in a sudden cry, for the girl had looked up and met his eyes. The next instant she had sprung erect, fronting him.

"You dare not stay me," said Eileen O'Neil.



From "Cornet Strong of Ireton's Horse."

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"GET THEE HENCE FROM THE WOMAN, THOU CARNAL SINNER!"



### A Dramatic Moment.

From Barry's "*A Daughter of Thespis*." (Page.)

LONG before Evelyn was ready for the first act, the audience had begun to assemble. She could hear the laughing and talking; she wondered why it was that in the open air women were so fond of screaming. Miss Finley's shrill voice could be heard from all directions; she seemed to be dividing her attentions between the audience and the actors.

Evelyn made a striking appearance in her yellow brocade gown, with a broad ruff around the neck, and Madge, in her little straw hat and short peasant's dress, was an ideal rustic. Mrs. Bowen was delighted with the result of her efforts.

When they left the tent they found several of the performers walking about under the trees where they were sheltered from the audience. Nearby, Seymour was chatting with Mr. Marble; the costumed group looked so peculiar in the open air that Evelyn and Mrs. Bowen burst out laughing.

"I feel as if I had strayed into another century," Mrs. Bowen explained.

"You look very stunning," Seymour whispered to Evelyn. "We shan't be in it with you."

Evelyn caught up the train of her dress and started to walk away.

"You know you've made me a promise," he said.

"I haven't forgotten," she replied, turning to go back to the tent for the lace handkerchief she had forgotten.

On her return she looked through the trees. The seats were crowded and the bright dresses and parasols of the ladies gleamed in the sunshine. She had some difficulty in finding Mrs. Webb. At last, in a group seated on chairs placed on the greensward, she saw Oswald Webb, seated beside his wife. Mrs. Webb was tastefully dressed in lavender, with a lavender bonnet, and looked brighter than Evelyn had ever seen her look before. Evelyn was so hemmed in by the trees that no one could see her; but she could see Mrs. Bowen talking with Helen Gordon, and she could catch glimpses a little farther away of Madge and Ned Osgood rollicking together.

"They wanted me to play Rosalind," Helen Gordon was saying, "but I had never done it before, and I hated to get up in it in hot weather. It would have been such a bore. So I said I'd do Celia for them. I've played Celia so often that it's like A B C to me. Then I knew they had asked Mrs. West to do it, and I didn't propose to take it after she'd refused it. I knew just what she'd say."

Mrs. Bowen replied in a voice too low to be overheard.

"Yes," Miss Gordon went on, "I feel so sorry for her. She's a lovely girl; but she hasn't much talent, you know. I can't understand why she ever went on the stage. She'd make a splendid school teacher, don't you think so? And then I thought it would be such a chance for her. I knew that Miss Finley was getting desperate; so I wrote and advised her to ask Evelyn to do the part. But, of course, she doesn't know anything about that. Evelyn is refined and intelligent,

and I felt sure she could go through it all right—that is, well enough, you know. I had to crack her up a little to Miss Finley, and—well—I did draw a pretty long bow. But what are friends for, anyway, if they don't help each other? So that was how she got the chance. I do feel nervous for her, though. Poor thing! I wish she'd marry Harold Seymour. It would be the best thing for her. Any one can see that she's dead in love with him."

Evelyn leaned against the trunk of one of the trees. Then she stood up straight again. How dared that woman speak so about her, in such a tone of contemptuous pity, and to her friend, too? How dared she do it? She would show her whether she could act or not. She would show her that her sympathy was quite wasted.

### Before the Tu-Tze's Castle.

From Edwards' "*The Tower of the Tu-Tze*."  
(Coates.)

THE courier—a picturesquely unkempt muleteer—was waiting for them, motionless as a carved image, on the outskirts of Somo town as their caravan drew somewhat wearily in sight of the Tu-tze's castle. In after-years, that one man, whom they never saw again stood out in bold relief from the confused mass of Man-tze humanity moving cloudily across the memory, much as he did that day against the piercing blue of the hot noon sky. It was like an instantaneous photograph struck flash-like on the mind by the impression that the comparatively eventless course of their journey was at last to be interrupted in some way; that their sojourn in Somo was in some way to be differentiated from their sojourn in other villages.

The village itself was not altogether like the others. Carried by magic-carpet express from New York or Paris, or even Shanghai, and set down suddenly among its huddled stone houses, crawling on all fours up the Alpine scenery, it might have seemed unspeakably squalid and depressing. Coming upon it gradually, after months of slow plodding progress through Western China, it looked positively promising. An air of prosperity pervaded the place. Tibetan traders in conical caps and high red boots, leading gaily harnessed mules by the throat-latch, walked jauntily back and forth in the market-place, driving sharp bargains with tall, handsome, free-limbed girls, whose feet knew no binding, whose hearts no coercion in choosing a mate, whose tongues no restraint of fear or prudence—who in fact, were as completely mistresses of the situation as women always are, paradoxically enough, where they do not outnumber the men.

Red lamas moved everywhere. Evidently, Somo was a trading-station of importance, a metropolis, a centre of local sweetness and light. On the highest hill, with a tower about seventy feet high, apparently in an excellent state of preservation, standing a little distance below its gates, loomed Somo Castle, its every battlement equipped with a white prayer-flag whipped smartly by the wind, which had





From "The Tower of the Tu-Tze."

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"I WILL NOT DO THIS," HE PANTED. "IT IS NOT MANLY."

rent some of them to ribbons. The cunningly deceptive curved roof of China, which imparts an aspect of fairy beauty to anything in architecture, was all they could see of the porticoed entrance to the castle, for a jealous wall without loopholes surrounded the great building.

"A wall!" murmured Winifred. "How I love them! They look so resistant, and you can always get on the other side after all."

An odd look flickered on the eyelashes of the otherwise immovable statue which waited her attention.

"I must say," observed Emma, approvingly, "that's my notion of a castle, more'n those foolish things filled up with gilt furniture they rush you through in Yerrup, and you pay 'em something for taking you in."

### The Perils of Golf.

From Nicholson's "The Main Chance." (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

THE afternoon invited the eyes to far, blue horizons, and as Evelyn stood up and shook loosely in her hand the sand she had taken from the box, she contemplated the hazy distances with satisfaction before bending to make her tee. Her visitors had left; Grant had gone east to school, and she was driven in upon herself for amusement. Her movements were lithe and swift, and when once the ball had been placed in position there were only two points of interest for her in the landscape—the ball itself and the first green. The driver was a part of herself, and she stepped back and swung it to refresh her memory of its characteristics. The caddy



watched her in silent joy; these were not the fussy preliminaries that he had been used to in young ladies who played on the Country Club links; he kept one eye on the player and backed off down the course. The sleeves of her crimson flannel shirt-waist were turned up at the wrists; the loose end of her cravat fluttered in the soft wind, that was like a



From "The Main Chance." Copyright, 1903, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

#### ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY.

breath of mid-May. She addressed the ball, standing but slightly bent above it and glancing swiftly from tee to target, then swung with the certainty and ease of the natural golf player.

The fever was as yet in its incipient stage in Clarkson; players were few; the greens were poorly kept, and there were bramble patches along the course which were of material benefit to the golf ball makers. But it was better than nothing, John Saxton said to himself this bright October afternoon, as he stood at the first tee, listening to the cheerful discourse of his caddy, who lingered to study the equipment of a visitor whom he had not served before.

"Anybody out?" asked John, trying the weight of several drivers.

"Lady," said the boy succinctly. He pointed across the links to where Evelyn was distinguishable as she doubled back on the course.

"Good player?"

"Great—for a girl," the boy declared. "She's the best lady player here."

"Maybe we can pick up some points from her game," said Saxton, smiling at the boy's enthusiasm. He had been very busy and much away from town, and this was his first day of golf since he had come to Clarkson.

Saxton was slow in his golf, as in all things, and he gave a good deal of study to his form. He played steadily down the course, noting from time to time the girl that was the only

other occupant of the links. She was playing toward him on the parallel course home, and while he had not recognized her, he could see that she was a player of skill, and he paused several times to watch the freedom of her swing and to admire the pretty pictures she made as she followed her ball rapidly and with evident absorption.

He was taking careful measurement for a difficult approach shot from the highest grass on the course, when he heard men calling and shouting in the road which ran by one of the boundary fences of the club property. A drove of cattle was coming along the road, driven, as Saxton saw, by several men on horseback. It was a small bunch bound for the city. Several obstreperous steers showed an inclination to bolt at the crossroads, but the horsemen brought them back with much yelling and a great shuffling of hoofs which sent a cloud of dust into the quiet air. Saxton bent again with his lofter, when his caddy gave a cry.

"Hi! He's making for the gate!"

One of the steers had bolted and plunged down the side road toward the gate of the club grounds, which stood open through the daytime.

#### The Problem: To Spend a Million in One Year.

From Greaves' "Brewster's Millions." (Stone.)

THAT night the little table in his room at Mrs. Gray's was littered with scraps of pad paper, each covered with an incomprehensible maze of figures. After dinner he had gone to his own rooms, forgetting that he lived on Fifth Avenue. Until long after midnight he smoked and calculated and dreamed. For the first time the immensity of that million thrust itself upon him. If on that very day, October the first, he were to begin the task of spending it he would have but three hundred and fifty-seven days in which to accomplish the end. Taking the round sum of one million dollars as a basis, it was an easy matter to calculate his average daily disbursement. The situation did not look so utterly impossible until he held up the little sheet of paper and ruefully contemplated the result of that simple problem in mathematics.

It meant an average daily expenditure of \$2,801.12 for nearly a year, and even then there would be sixteen cents left over, for, in proving the result of his rough sum in division, he could account for but \$999,999.84. Then it occurred to him that his money would be drawing interest at the bank.

"But for each day's \$2,801.12, I am getting seven times as much," he soliloquized, as he finally got into bed. "That means \$19,607.84 a day, a clear profit of \$16,806.72. That's pretty good—yes, too good. I wonder if the bank couldn't oblige me by not charging interest."

The figures kept adding and subtracting themselves as he dozed off, and once during the night he dreamed that Swearingen Jones had sentenced him to eat a million dollars' worth of game and salad at the French restaurant. He awoke with the consciousness that he had cried aloud, "I can do it, but a year is not very long in an affair of this kind."



### A Musical Reincarnation.

From Van Zile's "Perkins, the Faker."  
(Smart Set Pub. Co.)

THERE lay the hush of expectancy on the astonished throng. Here and there furtive glances were cast at my program cards in search of Tom's name on a little list made up wholly of world-famous artists. But the large majority of my guests knew as well as I that Tom had never touched a piano in his life, that his ignorance of music was as pronounced as his detestation of it. But he might have been a Paderewski in his total absence of all awkwardness or self-consciousness as he sat motionless at the instrument for a moment, coolly surveying us all, in very truth like a master musician sure of himself and rejoicing in the delight that he was about to vouchsafe to his auditors.

I cannot recall now without a shudder the sensation that cut through my every nerve as Tom raised his large, pudgy hands above the keyboard, his small, gray eyes turned toward the ceiling just above my throbbing head. He looked at that instant like the very incarnation of Philistinism poised to hurl down destruction upon the center of all harmonies. . . .

Then gradually it dawned on me that I was taking keen delight in his rendition of that marvelous ballade in A flat major that Chopin dedicated to Mlle. de Noailles. There is nothing more thoroughly Chopinesque in all the master's works than this perfect exposition of the refined in art. Tom's rendering of the lovely theme in F major, one of the most delicate in the world of music, thrilled me with startled admiration. But a chill came over me. What would he do with the section in C sharp minor, with its inverted dominant pedal in the right hand while the left is carrying on the theme? Without both skill and passion on the part of the performer the interpretation of this passage is certain to be commonplace. But hardly had this doubt assailed me when I knew that Tom had triumphed over every obstacle of technique and temperament, that he was approaching the harmonic grandeur of the finale with the poise and power of genius in full control of itself and its medium. . . . Swooning went out of fashion before my time, and I am devoted to the cult of self-control; but if it hadn't been for Mrs. Jack, that last bar of Tom's opus 47 would have seen my fin-  
ish.

### A Business Transaction.

From Sommerville and Ross' "All on the Irish Shore."  
(Longmans.)

IN the meantime, Miss Fanny Fitzroy's negotiations were proceeding in the hotel yard. Fanny herself was standing in a stable doorway, with her hands in the pockets of her bicycle skirt. She had no hat on, and the mild breeze blew her hair about; it was light brown, with a brightness in it; her eyes also were light brown, with gleams in them like the shallow places in a Connemara trout stream. At this moment they were scanning with approval, tempered by anxiety, the muddy legs of a lean and lengthy grey filly, who was fearfully returning her gaze from between the strands of a touzled forelock. The owner of the filly, a small man, with a face like a serious elderly monkey, stood at her head in a silence that was the outcome partly of stupidity, partly of caution, and partly of lack of English speech. The con-



From "A Puritan Witch."

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duct of the matter was in the hands of a friend, a tall young man with a black beard, nimble of tongue and gesture, profuse in courtesies.

"Well, indeed, yes, your ladyship," he was saying glibly, "the breed of horses is greatly improving in these parts, and them hackney horses——"

"Oh," interrupted Miss Fitzroy hastily, "I won't have her if she's a hackney."

The eyes of the owner sought those of the friend in a gaze that clearly indicated the question.

"What'll ye say to her now?"

The position of the vendors was becoming a little complicated. They had come over through the mountains, from the borders of Mayo, to sell the filly to the hotel-keeper for posting, and were primed to the lips with the tale of her hackney lineage. The hotel-keeper had unconditionally refused to trade, and here, when a heaven-sent alternative was delivered into their hands, they found themselves hampered by the coils of a cast-off lie. No shade, however, of hesitancy appeared on the open countenance of the friend. He approached Miss Fitzroy with a mincing step, a deprecating wave of the hand, and a deeply respectful ogle. He was going to adopt the desperate resource of telling the truth, but to tell the truth profitably was a part that required rather more playing than any other.

"Well, your honour's ladyship," he began, with a glance at the hotel ostler, who was standing near cleaning a bit in industrious and sarcastic silence, "it is a fact, no doubt, that I mentioned here this morning that this young mare was of the Government hackney stock. But, according as I understand from this poor man that owns her, he bought her in a small fair over the Tuam side, and the man that sold her could take his oath she was by the Grey Dawn—sure you'd know it out of her colour."

"Why didn't you say so before?" asked Miss Fitzroy, bending her straight brows in righteous severity.

"Well, that's true indeed, your ladyship; but after all—I declare a man couldn't hardly live without he'd tell a lie sometimes!"

### The Great Feast in Whitechapel.

From Steuart's "The Samaritans." (Revell.)

ON the great night a processional torrent of two thousand eager, jostling people, men, women, and children, streamed to prove the hospitality of B. B., and were enchanted with the proof. For the fare was the best procurable by a caterer whose only instructions were to exclude strong drink and never think of cost. There were mighty joints, juicy and fragrant, that renewed the flavour of ancient festivals when England gaily roasted oxen whole and merited the epithet merry, smoking saddles of mutton, game, and poultry in perplexing variety, savoury sausages floating in gigantic dishes of gravy, deliciously scented pies, fish of the sea, fruit of the tropics, with a retinue of delicacies and kick-shaws (the pride of cook and confectioner) fit to give half Alsatia nightmare.

After the strenuous eating the strains of jollity. To furnish ample music Pickens had himself engaged an orchestra of several flutes and fifes, half a dozen concertinas, trombone and clarinet, a string band, and a company of hand-bell ringers, with three up-to-date hurdy-gurdies, for reserve in case of stress. The ubiquitous mouth-organ was omitted as too common. Home-made niggers sang plantation songs, banded execrable jests, and beat time on the bones. Punch wallowed Judy like a man and a husband to the stimulus of uproarious applause. In a ravished silence Chawley warbled like a coveful of birds on a spring morning, and then gracefully introduced his friend, the celebrity of the "Skilly and Plank-bed," who tickled the knowing ones and curdled the blood of the novices. With "The Wearin' o' the Grane" Timothy O'Ryan moved sundry feminine compatriots to tearful outbursts of joy and an irresistible desire to embrace the singer.

"Faith, me jewels, an' 'twill be the wearin' av nothin' at all if yez ketch me in that frame av moind," Tim observed, *sotto voce*, slipping modestly behind the scenes. Some, remembering old times, called for St. Patrick and "Eileen Aroon;" but Mr. Emmet had to shake his head, and those nearby fancied there was a moist gleam in the weary eyes.

The joyous stir began again with a lottery which was no lottery, inasmuch as it was all prizes and no blanks. A beneficent wizard waved a magic wand, and lo! the gates of toy-land flew open to a burst of excited treble voices. Never had such a concourse of delights dazzled the eyes and electrified the hearts of tattered childhood. Farmyards, with stock of cattle and fowls complete, the latter mostly in gay tropical plumage, alternated bewilderingly with Noah's arks, bearing huge menageries of wild and tame beasts. Regiments of soldiers, horse and foot, jostled turreted ships of war bristling with guns, steam-engines raced electric motors at terrific speed, causing frightful accidents and riotous fun. Flaxen-haired dolls were strewn in all the absurdity of their kind among kaleidoscopes, humming tops, flashing swords, muskets, and helmets. Lions, tigers, bears, and elephants fraternised with dogs and cats, monkeys and kangaroos. Bran pies yielded up their mysteries to little fingers aquiver with gladness, and, to crown all, representatives of outlandish peoples—Hindoos, Chinese, Turks, Bashi-Bazouks, Greenlanders, South Sea Islanders—mingled like maskers at a Christmas revel. In all its history the great hall had never before contained so many eager, bright young faces.

"Does one good to see them," Mrs. Cadwalader Roy remarked to Mr. Bunting. "B. B., I congratulate you."

### Nature's Book.

From Burton's "Message and Melody." (Lothrop.)

The tender green of willows by a stream  
In spring time, or the impressionable pools  
That duplicate the streaks of yellow sky  
At sunset, give me food for many a dream,  
Instruct me more than cunning of the schools,  
Bidding me kindly live, and calmly die.



### A Mysterious Passenger.

From Gunter's "The Conscience of a King."  
(Home Publishing Co.)

I WAS seated on the side of the coach. When travelling I always carry a small hand-mirror, as I am careful of my personal appearance and looking-glasses are quite often

of the graceful figure of the girl. As I gazed astonishment entered my inquiring mind. She was seated almost under me and therefore next to the side of the coach. Immediately next her in the center sat the short stocky woman, whom I had christened her duenna. Another passenger, a fat man, was asleep on the other side of the seat.



From "The Conscience of a King."

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"TIS NOT WISE TO TRICK THE FUTURE QUEEN OF FRANCE."

not found in our beastly inns. Producing this and concealing it in the palm of my hand, I held it over my eyes as if to shield them as I looked at the surrounding country. By properly arranging my position, I obtained a reflection of the people on the inside of the diligence.

Most of the passengers in the interior were commonplace country people. To them I didn't devote much attention, and soon, notwithstanding the jolting of the vehicle over the rutty roads, succeeded in getting glimpses

Notwithstanding the jolting of the coach was extremely severe, I now noted that the girl never aided herself by her hands, but swayed as if unable to use them, being supported apparently by the woman next to her, who sat strongly erect as if to hold her companion up.

This was very curious. Was the unfortunate girl paralyzed or was she armless? The last supposition I almost immediately discarded. I could see from the magnificent contours of her shoulders that the girl though



quite young was not only properly but superbly formed.

Into my mind came the curious desire to test if she really did have the use of her hands.

While meditating on this, the girl's veil being partly removed, she raised her face and turned her eyes upward as if in prayer to God. Reflected in my mirror was a countenance which nearly made me drop the hand-glass. The face would have been not only very beautiful, but extremely vivacious and piquantly bewitching, had it not been made strangely sad by a repressed despair. The delicate lips, which in a girl of her age should have been red as cherries, were very pale and at times twitched under some nervous apprehension. The soft brown eyes were wet with unshed tears that seemed occasionally to be dried by a feverish anguish.

"I will test whether she has the use of her hands," I thought. "Perhaps it is disease that produces this attractive girl's misery."

With me to think is with me to act. I im-

mediately conceived an experiment. The coach curtains were still open, though a little rain had begun to fall again. I gathered a few drops in my disengaged hand. By an adroit movement at the first jolt of the vehicle, I tossed the water in the air so that the drops descended upon the upturned face.

The instinct of every one blessed with the normal use of their limbs, is to brush away drops of water falling upon the eyes. This the girl did not attempt to do, but shook her head as if to throw off the rain, and then turned her face away.

### "At the Time Appointed."

From Barbour's "At the Time Appointed."  
(Lippincott.)

LIFTED out of themselves they wandered over the rocks, picking the late flowers which still lingered in the crevices, watching the shifting beauty of the scene from various points, for a time forgetful of their troubles, till looking in each other's eyes, they read the final farewell underlying all.

The sinking sun warned them that it was time to return, and, after one farewell look about them, they prepared to descend. As they picked their way back to the trail they came upon two tiny streams flowing from some secret spring above them. Side by side, separated by only a few inches, they rippled over their rocky bed, murmuring to each other in tones so low that only an attentive ear could catch them, sparkling in the sunlight as though for very joy. Suddenly, near the edge of the narrow plateau over which they ran, they turned, and, with a tinkling plash of farewell, plunged in opposite directions,—the one eastward, hastening on its way to the Great Father of Waters, the other westward bound, towards the land of the setting sun.

Silently Kate and Darrell watched them; as their eyes met, his face had grown white, but Kate smiled, though the tears trembled on the golden lashes.

"A fit emblem of our loves, Kathie!" Darrell said, sadly.

"Yes," she replied, but her clear voice had a ring of triumph; "a fit emblem, dear, for though parted now, they will meet in the commingling of the oceans, just as by and by our loves will mingle in the great ocean of love. I can imagine how those two little streams will go on their way, as we must go, each joining in the labor and song of the rivers as they meet



From "At the Time Appointed."

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AS DARRELL DISMOUNTED, SHE CAME SWIFTLY TOWARDS HIM,  
EXTENDING HER HAND.





From "Golden Fleece."

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HE LIKED THE VERY FIRST GLIMPSE OF HER.

them, but each preserving its own individuality until they find one another in the ocean currents, as we shall find one another some day!"

"Kathie," said Darrell, earnestly, drawing nearer to her, "have you such a hope as that?"

"It is more than hope," she answered, "it is assurance; an assurance that came to me, I know not whence or how, out of the darkness of despair."

They had reached the trail, and here Kate paused for a moment. It was a picture for an artist, the pair standing on that solitary height! The young girl, fair and slender as the wild flowers clinging to the rocks at their feet, yet with a poise of conscious strength; the man at her side, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, strong-limbed; his face dark with despair, hers lighted with hope.

Suddenly a small white hand swept the horizon with a swift, undulatory motion that reminded Darrell of the flight of some white-winged bird, and Kate cried,—

"Did we think of the roughness and steepness of the path below when we stood here two hours ago and looked on the glory of this scene? Did we stop to think of the bruises and scratches of the ascent, of how

many times we had stumbled, or of the weariness of the way? No, it was all forgotten. And so, when we come to stand together, by and by, upon the heights of love,—such love as we have not even dreamed of yet,—will we then look back upon the tears, the pain, the heartache of to-day? Will we stop to recount the sorrows through which we climbed to the shining heights? No, they will be forgotten in the excess of joy!"

Darrell gazed at Kate in astonishment; her head was uncovered and the rays of the sinking sun touched with gleams of gold the curling locks which the breeze had blown about her face, till they seemed like a golden halo; she had the look of one who sees within the veil which covers mortal faces; she seemed at that moment something apart from earth.

Taking her hand in his, he asked, brokenly. "Sweetheart, will that day ever come, and when?"

Her eyes, luminous with love and hope, rested tenderly upon his shadowed face as she replied,—

"At the time appointed,

"And that will be  
God's own good time, for you and me."



### An Inspirational Occasion.

From Trumbull's "Life's Common Way." (Barnes.)

THE room presented different phases of the lecture habit. There were those large and expansive persons who did not care to sit on the camp-chairs—women of generous aspect and proportion, who placed themselves upon the more solid articles of furniture with a frank preference, and whom no amount of lecturing could seriously disturb. They listened with equal indifference to an exposition of what the Renaissance borrowed from Greece and of the latest development of Municipal Sanitation, and they heard with equal responsiveness a rhapsody on Walter Pater or an attack on the Mormon Bible. A parlor lecture was a social function, and therefore for them, all these subjects took on a hectic and transient glow of interest. Then there were the women who preferred the Renaissance and Walter Pater, and wore a look of concentrated intelligence which was almost disturbing in its intensity and bore witness to a conscientiousness practically without limit. There were others who kept ever alive the flame of an amused curiosity regarding anything anybody might have to say, and still others whose minds were pigeon-holed with receptacles for miscellaneous information acquired at lectures, and whom one could almost see with the bodily eye fitting the present occasion into various little compartments.

"The most encouraging thing about lectures," whispered Ursula to Engham, "is that as a rule they leave no impression whatever. A constant attendance on lecture courses imparts a sense of mental *bien-être*—of being in the front of mental progress—and beyond this they vanish and leave not a wrack behind."

"You must tell me when to get up and sit down," he whispered in return. "I am not familiar with the service."

There was a sudden hush of expectation as the lecturer slowly made her way through the room to the chair provided for her.

"The last one," murmured Engham, who, like most people who have been through an unusual experience, showed a tendency to revert to it, "stood up."

"The Control of the Is" proved to be an excellent subject for Mrs. Tidcastle. She handled it with a masterly freedom from anything approaching reason and logic, and the absurdities of her propositions were veiled in an assurance of the final triumph of verbosity which was almost contagious. Several neophytes of the new religion thrilled with the pleasure of the incredible, and the reiteration of a dogma which was expressed without subject or predicate exercised a hypnotic influence upon the so-called intelligences of those whose *sine qua non* is novelty. There was a great deal about Nature and the Divine Being, identical and indisputable assertions about the interchangeability of force and the immanence of a life-giving principle, and the translucence and impotence of matter and its solubility in the medium of thought, and the perfectibility of the means provided by a beneficent but somewhat weak-minded Deity for the abrogation of his immutable and unchang-

ing laws and the nullification of his primordial statutes: all of this interlarded with slightly assuming interpretations of God-thoughts and scraps of the Testaments, Old and New, accredited to various latter-day prophets, and indiscriminate references to Shakespeare and the musical glasses.

"Isn't she a sport?" whispered Teddy, as the speaker paused to quench an elemental thirst in the dissolving substance of ice-water. "Do you think she does it herself, or is there something that goes inside her?"

### A Maiden in Distress.

From Page's "Gordon Keith." (Scribner.)

KEITH had climbed to the crest of the Ridge and was making his way through the great pines to the point where the crag jutted out sheer and massive, overlooking the reaches of rolling country below, when he lifted his eyes, and just above him, half seated, half reclining against a ledge of rock, was the very girl he had seen two days before. Her eyes were closed, and her face was so white that the thought sprang into Keith's mind that she was dead, and his heart leaped into his throat. At the distance of a few yards he stopped and scanned her closely. She had on a riding-habit; her hat had fallen on her neck; her dark hair, loosened, lay about her throat, increasing the deep pallor of her face. Keith's pity changed into sorrow. Suddenly, as he leaned forward, his heart filled with a vague grief, she opened her eyes—as blue as he remembered them, but now misty and dull. She did not stir or speak, but gazed at him fixedly for a little space, and then the eyes closed again wearily, her head dropped over to the side, and she began to sink down.

Gordon sprang forward to keep her from rolling down the bank. As he gently caught and eased her down on the soft carpeting of pine-needles, he observed how delicate her features were; the blue veins showed clearly on her temples and the side of her throat, and her face had that refinement that unconsciously often gives.

Gordon knew that the best thing to do was to lower her head and unfasten her collar. As he loosened the collar, the whiteness of her throat struck him almost dazzlingly. Instinctively he took the little crumpled handkerchief that lay on the pine carpet beside her, and spread it over her throat reverently. He lifted her limp hand gently and felt her little wrist for her pulse.

Just then her eyelids quivered; her lips moved slightly, stopped, moved again with a faint sigh; and then her eyelids opened slowly, and again those blue eyes gazed up at him with a vague inquiry.

The next second she appeared to recover consciousness. She drew a long, deep breath, as though she were returning from some unknown deep, and a faint little color flickered in her cheek.

"Oh, it's you?" she said, recognizing him. "How do you do? I think I must have hurt myself when I fell. I tried to ride my horse



down the bank, and he slipped and fell with me, and I do not remember much after that. He must have run away. I tried to walk, but—but I am better now. Could you catch my horse for me?"

Keith rose and followed the horse's track for some distance along the little path. When he returned, the girl was still seated against the rock.

"Did you see him?" she asked languidly, sitting up.

"I am afraid that he has gone home. He was galloping. I could tell from his tracks."

"I think I can walk. I must."

She tried to rise, but, with the pain caused by the effort, the blood sprang to her cheek

for a second and then fled back to her heart, and she sank back, her teeth catching her lip sharply to keep down an expression of anguish.

"I must get back. If my horse should reach the hotel without me, my mother will be dreadfully alarmed. I promised her to be back by—"

Gordon did not hear what the hour was, for she turned away her face and began to cry quietly. She tried to brush the tears away with her fingers; but one or two slipped past and dropped on her dress. With face still averted, she began to feel about her dress for her handkerchief; but being unable to find it, she gave it up.



From "Gordon Keith."

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SHE WAS THE FIRST TO BREAK THE SILENCE.



**Susette.**

From Hopkinson Smith's *"The Under Dog."*  
(Scribner.)

SHE came straight toward me with that slowing of pace as she approached the nearer, her curiosity getting the better of her timidity—quite as a fawn or a little calf would have done, attracted by some bit of color or movement which was new to it. The brown madder dress I now saw was dotted with little spots of red, like sprays of berries; the yellow-ochre hat was wound with a blue ribbon, and tied with a bow on one side. I could see, too, that she wore slippers, and that her hair was platted in two pig-tails, and hung down her back, the ends fastened with a ribbon that matched the one on her hat.

She stood quite still, her face perfectly impassive, her little hands clasped together, the brim of her hat shading her eyes, which looked straight at my canvas.

I gave no sign of her presence. It is dangerous to break down the reserve of silence, which is often the only barrier between an out-door painter and the crowds that surround him. Persisted in, it not only compels their respect, even to the lowering of their voices and the tip-toeing in and out of the circle about you, but shortens the time of their visits, a consummation devoutly to be wished. So I worked on in silence, never turning toward this embodiment of one of Boutet de Monvel's drawings, whose absorbed face I could see out of one corner of my eye.

Then a ripple of laughter broke the stillness, and a little finger was thrust out, stopping within a hair's-breadth of the dot of Chinese white, still wet, which topped my burnt-umber figure.

"Très drôle, Monsieur!"

The voice was sweeter than the laugh. One of those flute-like, bird-throated voices that children often have who live in the open all their lives, chasing butterflies or gathering wild flowers.

**The Danish Housewife.**

From Brochner's *"Danish Life in Town and Country."* (Putnam.)

It is a question whether all these modern ideas will not interfere somewhat with the virtues of a Danish housewife as such, though she is still to the fore in most classes of society. The mistress of a Danish house looks after her kitchen better, and is also much more capable of doing so, than most English women, irrespective of their social position. It is quite a usual thing for a young Danish lady, as the finishing touch to her education, to spend six months or a year in a gentleman farmer's house, in a country parsonage, or in some other good and respectable home, to learn housekeeping, and many are initiated into the mysteries of high-class cookery at the royal kitchens or at well-known restaurants. Amongst a certain set of Copenhageners the noble art of cookery is held in great esteem, and I once heard a well-known citizen express his regret—and I am sure it was genuine—that his mother had died before his wife

had quite learned to make gravy in the same inimitable manner as she had done, for "no one could make gravy like his mother;" and this was in a house where they kept an excellent cook. Where there are several daughters in a family, they often take the management of the house in turns, generally for a week at a time, and friends of the family are supposed to be able to tell whether it is Julie's, or Marie's, or Elizabeth's week. The recipe book is a cherished possession in many families, having been handed down from mother to daughter. As a proof of the store set upon it, I cannot refrain from relating what happened two or three years ago in a country parsonage. When a thunderstorm comes on in the night, people in the country often, if not generally, get up and dress and assemble in one of the sitting-rooms, and it is no unusual thing for them to bring with them their most treasured earthly belongings. This they do from fear of fire by lightning. At one of these nocturnal gatherings in the said parsonage, the pastor brought the communion plate, his mother-in-law her jewellery, and his wife—her recipes.

**A Lesson in Sword Play.**

From Liljencrantz's *"Ward of King Canute."*  
(McClurg.)

ROTHGAR surveyed the sprig of defiance with no more than a perfunctory interest. "It seems that you are the son of Frode the Dane," he said in his heavy voice. "Frode was a mighty raven-feeder; for his sake I am going to support you until you can go well on your legs. Have you had anything to eat?"

As she shook her head, Randalin's heart rather softened toward him. But it hardened again when the thralls had brought the food, and he had sat down and begun to share it. Seen in a strong light, his rich tunic proved to be foul with beer stains, while his great hands reeked with grease. His thick lips, his heavy breathing—bah, he was revolting! Before she had finished the meal, she had come to the conclusion that she hated him.

Perhaps it was as well that there was something to add firmness to her bearing. As he swallowed his last mouthful of food, Rothgar said abruptly, "Canute has put your training into my hands. It is his will that I find out how much skill you have with weapons."

He rolled his eyes around at her as he threw back his head to catch the last drop that clung to the golden rim. "Can you handle a sword?"

"It is in my mind that you have been a lazy cub," the warrior pronounced deliberate sentence, as he set down his goblet. "It is easily seen that Frode has been over-gentle with you. But you will pay now for your laziness, by receiving a cut each time I pass your guard. Stand forth, and show what your skill is worth. This sword will not be too heavy." Selecting the smallest of the jewelled blades upon the floor, he thrust it into her hands.

It is good to have in one's veins the liquid fire of the North, blood to which the presence of a peril is like the touch of the Ice King



to water. At the first clash of the blades, strange tingling fires began to flash through Randalin,—and then a hardness, that burnt while it froze. The first pass, her hands had parried seemingly by their own instinct; now

and the excited clawing of her free hand, were not graceful swordsmanship, certainly, but her steel was in the right place. The next instant, she even drew a little clink from one of the Jotun's silver buttons.



From "The Ward of King Canute."

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#### THE MAN IN THE PASSAGE SAW HER SMILE.

she flung back her tumbling curls and proceeded to give those hands the aid of her eyes. They were marvellously quick eyes; for Fridtjof's thrusts, consulting no rule but his own will, had required lightning to follow them and something like mind-reading to anticipate them. Three times her blade met Rothgar's squarely, and deftly turned it aside. The big warrior gave a grunt of approval and tried a more complicated pass. Her backward leap, the sudden doubling of her body,

As she was recovering herself, she felt something like a pin prick her wrist; and she wondered vaguely what brooch had become unfastened. But she gave it scant attention for the big blade was threatening her from a new direction. She leaped to meet it, and for the next minute was kept turning, twisting, dodging, till her breath began to come in gasps, and her exhausted hand to relax its hold. Her weapon was almost falling from it by the time the son of Lodbrok lowered his



point. Imitating him, she stood leaning on her sword, making futile gasps after her lost breath.

A grin slowly wrinkled his face as he watched her. "It appears that one who is no bigger around than a willow twig may be capable of a berserk rage," he said. "Do you not feel it that you are wounded?"

Following his eyes down to her hand, she found blood trickling from her sleeve. Oh, and pain! Now that she had awakened to it—pain! pricking, stinging, stabbing. Dropping her sword, she caught at her wrist.

"How did it happen? I thought a pin had pricked me!"

Roaring with laughter, he caught her under the arms and tossed her in the air.

"A pin! he shouted. "A pin! That is Frode himself! A beard on your chin, and you also will be a feeder of wolves! For that you shall have a share in the battle. I swear it by the hilt of the Hanger!"

For the moment, the girl forgot her wound and hung limp in the great hands. "The battle?" she gasped. "I—I fight?"

### "Jacking" for Alligators.

*From Swift's "Florida Fancies." (Putnam.)*

I WENT "jacking" once more, but gave it up after that, as it disgusted me. It's well enough for pot hunters, but it strikes me as a mighty tame and cowardly sort of sport. It was in a fourteen-mile creek near Dead Lake; I had for guide and oarsman a typical J. Fenimore Cooper hunter. I believe that man could scent a deer a mile off with the wind against him. He knew every foot of forest and stream for twenty miles. There wasn't a spot, wet or dry, in that region that he couldn't take you to, the darkest night. He knew the haunt of the Hooping Crane as well as the feeding-ground of the finny Goggle-eye; he could follow a deer's track as easily as you and I could go up Broadway in a cable car.

I think he must have copied his costume from a Cooper hero, and his gun was old and antiquated enough to have been carried by one of them; but when it went to his shoulder, aged and rusty as it was, something had to come.

The night was one of those dark cloudy ones with a damp chill in the air that went clean through you. As we went across the lake the mist commenced to rise like rain, reversing the rule. With muffled oars we crept into the creek, and then stopped to warm up with quinine pills and the usual accompaniment. As I was to do the shooting, I adjusted the latter-day style of "jack," which is a bull's-eye lantern fastened on your head by a broad leather strap. The bull's-eye must come in the centre of your forehead, and then it makes a sort of a semi-searchlight out of you. This you manipulate by throwing your head from side to side, flashing the light from bank to bank of the creek into the woods.

I was sitting in the bow with my rifle over my knees following the line of light. Outside

of that range I could not see my hand before me, yet that guide showed me at least twenty miles that night through creeks, little watery alleys, and small lakes, yet never made one mistake.

Silent and speechless he rowed on and on. It was midnight before the noiseless dip of his oars slackened. Then we both gazed through the darkness at two glaring balls of fire low down on the west bank. I flashed my light on them and taking careful easy aim pinked that alligator with a forty-four right between the eyes. There was a sudden bellow, a splash, and a dash of water in our faces, and the white under-hide of that fellow was floating down the stream.

### Beside the Little White School-house.

*From Wright's "That Printer of Udell's." (Book Supply Co.)*

ALL the forenoon of the next day Dick wandered aimlessly about the farm, but somehow he never got beyond sight of the little white school-house. He spent an hour watching the colts that frolicked in the upper pasture, beyond which lay the children's playground; then going through the field, he climbed the little hill beyond and saw the white building through the screen of leaves and branches. Once Amy came to the door, but only for a moment, when she called the shouting youngsters from their short recess. Then recrossing the valley half a mile above, he walked slowly home to dinner along the road leading past the building. How he envied the boys and girls whose droning voices reached his ears through the open windows.

While Dick was chatting with his kind host after dinner, as they sat on the porch facing the great oak, the latter talked about the spring and the history of the place; how it used to be a favorite camping ground for the Indians in winter; and pointed out the field below the barn, where they had found arrow-heads by the hundreds. Then he told of the other spring just over the ridge, and how the two streams came together and flowed on, larger and larger, to the river. And then with a farmer's fondness for a harmless jest, he suggested that Dick might find it worth his while to visit the other spring; "for," said he, "the school-marm lives there; and she's a right pretty girl. Sensible, too, I reckon, though she aint been here only since the first of September."

When the farmer had gone to his work Dick walked down to the spring-house, and sitting on the twisted roots of the old oak, looked into the crystal water.

"And so Amy lives by a spring just like this," he thought, "and often sits beneath that other oak, perhaps, looking into the water as I am looking now."

A blue-jay, perched on a bough above, screamed in mocking laughter at the dreamer beneath; an old drake, leading his family in a waddling row to the open stream below the little house, solemnly quacked his protest against such a wilful waste of time; and a spotted calf thrust its head through the barnyard fence to gaze at him in mild reproach.



### The Escape.

From Gibbs' "Love of Monsieur." (Harper.)

THERE was a grinding crash as Cornbury and Quinn sprang for the rigging. Quinn struck his head upon a steel stay, and had not the strength to haul himself clear of the water. With a cry he fell back into the submerged boat. Mornay waited a moment too long, and the vessel struck him fairly in the body. He, too, fell back into the water, but as he was tossed aside he fell as by a miracle into the friendly arms of the anchor, which, not having been hauled clear, dragged just at the surface of the water. With an effort he pulled himself up, and at last climbed upon the stock, and so to the deck unharmed.

A cluster of dark faces surrounded him, and a short, broad man, with a black beard and rings in his ears, thrust his way through. He looked at the shivering and dripping figures before him with a laugh.

"Soho! Soho! Just in the very nick of the hoccasion, my bullies. 'Ere be three beauties. Ha! ha! Jail-birds at a guinea a 'ead!"

There was a sound of cries and the clatter of oars; but the vessel was moving rapidly through the water, and the constables were rapidly left astern.

"In the King's name," shouted the voice of Captain Ferrers, "let me aboard!"

The man with the black beard ran aft and leaned over the rail towards the boat which was struggling in the water.

"An' who might *you be*?" he roared.

"I represent the law," cried Ferrers, and his voice seemed dimmer in the distance. "These men are officers of the King, to arrest—" The remainder of the sentence was caught in the winds and blown away.

The black-bearded man slapped his leg. "The law! The law!" he shouted. Then he made a trumpet of his hands to make his meaning clear, and roared, "Go to 'ell!" He clapped his hand to his thigh and laughed immoderately.

### Engaged to an Earl.

From Phillips' "Golden Fleece." (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

FROTHINGHAM was more and more uncomfortable. Catherine took him everywhere in her train and, with seeming unconsciousness of what she was doing, fairly flaunted him as her devoted attendant. Yet only when they were alone did she ever betray that she had more than a polite, friendly interest in him. He would have got angry at her, would have made vigorous protest, but how was it possible to bring such sordidness as mere vulgar appearances to the attention of so innocent and high-minded a creature? He restrained himself, or, rather, was restrained—until Horse Show week.

Those afternoons and evenings of dragging at the divine Catherine's chariot wheels before the eyes of the multitude were too much for him. It was one of the years when the Horse Show was the fashion for the fashionable. Not only the racing set and the hunting set, but also the dancing and the dressing and the literary and artistic sets, and the fadless, but

none the less frivolous, set, flocked there day and evening to crowd the boxes with a dazzling display of dresses, wraps, jewels, and free-and-easy manners. At first Frothingham gaped almost as amazedly as the multitude that poured slowly and thickly round the promenade, eyes glued upon the occupants of the boxes, never a glance to spare for the ring from the cyclorama of luxury and fashion. "And at a horse show!" he muttered, as he noted the hats and gowns made to be shown only in houses, or in carriages on the way to and from houses, but there exhibited amid the dust of the show ring. "What rotten bad taste!"

He was astounded to find Catherine outdone by none in extravagant out-of-placeness of ostentation—as he regarded it. Day after day, night after night, she showed herself off to her friends and to the craning throngs of the promenade in a kaleidoscopic series of wonderful "creations." And she insisted that he should always be in close attendance. As he sat beside her he heard the comments of the crowd—there was always a crowd in front of Longview's box: "That's the girl."—"Yes, and the fellow beside her, with the eyeglass, he's the Earl."—"I don't know how much—some say a million—some say two or three."—"He looks dull, but then all Englishmen look that."—"I'll bet he could be a brute. Look what a heavy jaw he's got."—"She'll be sick of him before she's had him a year."

"Did Catherine hear?" he wondered. Apparently not. He never surprised in her face or manner a hint of consciousness of self or of being stared at and commented upon. "But she can't avoid hearing," he said to himself. "These asses are braying right in her ears. And why should she get herself up in all these clothes, if it ain't to be stared at?"

### Who Wore the Grey Cloak?

From MacGrath's "The Grey Cloak." (Bobbs-Merrill.)

WHEN the Chevalier was ushered into Mazarin's presence he was in great perturbation. Diane had not met him in the gallery as she had fairly promised, and the young page who had played Mercury to their intrigue stared him coolly in the face when questioned, and went about his affairs cavalierly. What did it mean? He scarce saw Mazarin or the serious faces of the musketeers. . . .

"Take care, Monsieur," said Mazarin, lifting a warning finger. "You arrived yesterday, secretly."

"I? Why, Monseigneur, this is the twentieth of February, the evening we agreed upon. I slept last night at the Pineapple in Fontainebleau. I repeat to you, I arrived scarce two hours ago." It was now for the first time that he noted the seriousness of the faces confronting him.

"Very well, then," replied Mazarin icily. "You were in Paris last night. You had an appointment at the Hôtel de Brissac. You entered by a window. Being surprised by the aged Brissac, you killed him."

The musketeers, who knew the Chevalier's courage, exchanged glances of surprise and disbelief. As for the accused, he stepped back, horrified.



"I warn you, Monsieur," said Mazarin, "I like not this manner you assume. There were witnesses, and trustworthy ones. You may rely upon that."

"Trustworthy? That is not possible. I did not know De Brissac. I have never exchanged a word with him."

"It is not advanced that you knew Monsieur le Comte. But there was madame, who, it is said, was one time affianced to you." Mazarin, was a keen physiognomist; and as he read the utter bewilderment written on the Chevalier's face, his own grew somewhat puzzled.

"Monseigneur, as our Lady is witness, I have never, to my knowledge, set eyes upon Madame de Brissac, though it is true that at one time it was my father's wish that I should wed Mademoiselle de Montbazou."

"Monsieur, when a man wears such fashionable clothes as you wear, he naturally fixes the memory, becomes conspicuous. Do not forget the grey cloak, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"The grey cloak?" The Chevalier's face brightened. "Why, Monseigneur, the grey cloak. . . ." He stopped. Victor de Saumaise, his friend, his comrade in arms, Victor the gay and careless, who was without any influence save that which his cheeriness and honesty and wit gave him! Victor the poet, the fashionable Villon, with his ballade, his rondeau, his triolet, his chant-royal!—Victor, who had put his own breast before his at Lens! The Chevalier regained his composure, he saw his way clearly, and said quietly: "I have not worn my grey cloak since the king's party at Louvre. I can only repeat that I was not in Paris last night. I slept at the Pineapple at Fontainebleau. Having no money, I pawned my ring for a night's lodging. If you will send some gentleman to make inquiries, the truth of my statement will be verified." There was now no wrath in the Chevalier's voice; but there was a quality of resignation in it which struck the acute ear of the cardinal and caused him to raise his penciled brows.

"Monsieur, you are hiding something," he said quickly, even shrewdly.

"I?"

"You, Monsieur. I believe that you slept in Fontainebleau. But who wore your grey cloak?"

#### Noblesse Oblige.

From Hardy's "*His Daughter First.*" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

THE minutes dragged by. The doctor had made all his preparations. He came to the door for the last time with Paul to listen for the sound of bells.

"We must manage by ourselves," he said, "and do the best we can. If we only had some one to administer the ether!" Then they went in and the door closed.

As they passed from the kitchen, which served all purposes in Mr. Pearson's ménage, into the adjoining bedroom a voice said,—

"I will do that."

The two men turned and saw Mabel standing in the doorway taking off her dogskin gloves. The doctor was a quiet man, of few

words, and he was looking meditatively into the pale, resolute face confronting him.

"You need not fear for me," said Mabel, answering his look and removing her hat.

"I knew she could do it the moment I heard her speak and looked into her eyes," the doctor said to the Lemington surgeon an hour later when the latter was driving away.

"That's my experience," was the reply. "Blood and education always tell."

"You are a brave girl and you have helped save a life," he said to Mabel, as he put her in the sleigh beside Paul.

She smiled faintly. Her face was white and she was trembling. The doctor had given her a drink of something before starting. She did not know what it was, but it steadied her, and the fresh air against her cheeks was refreshing. Yet it was all she could do to hold herself straight. Waves of nausea and dizziness made her hold fast to the robe. She felt that if she let go, or leaned back against the cushion, she would sink into the nothingness lying in wait for her. The consciousness that Paul was watching her as she swayed to the motion of the sleigh, though it was the watchfulness of solicitude, gave her the fictitious strength of pride. His voice sounded far away. She knew that it was kind, that he was praising her and saying pleasant things, but she counted every tree and bush as they hurried by.

Mrs. Frazer saw them as they drove up the avenue, and was at the door.

"Where is Margaret?" she exclaimed.

"I am going for her now," said Paul, helping Mabel out. "Take Miss Temple to her room."

"What has happened, dear?" Mabel's pale face frightened her.

"Nothing," said Mabel. But the question was too much for her. A horrible odor of ether swept over her, and she pitched forward into Mrs. Frazer's arms.

#### A Luncheon Party at Hatfield House.

From Waddington's "*Letters of a Diplomat's Wife.*" (Scribner.)

AT Hatfield, one of Lord Salisbury's sons was at the station to receive the swells. I got separated in the crowd from W., so Lord Edward put me into a brougham, and asked me if I would take another Ambassador, as mine was missing for the moment. I agreed, of course, so Comte Hatzfeldt came with me. There was a large party staying in the house, including the Prince and Princess, the Shah, and various members of the family and Court. Lady Salisbury was standing at one of the big doors opening on the terrace. Lord Salisbury, she told me, was taking the Shah for a drive in the park. We all loitered about a little on the terrace. The rain had stopped and, though there was no sun, the house looked beautiful with its grey walls and splendid lines. The first person I saw was the Duc d'Aumale, and we had quite a talk while waiting for luncheon. The Prince also came out and talked. Luncheon was served at small, round tables in the great dining-room. As Doyens we were at the Royal table. The Prince took me, and I had



next to me the Grand Vizier, who had taken in Lady Londonderry. She is very handsome, very well dressed, and the Grand Vizier enjoyed himself very much. It seems he is a very difficult gentleman, and at some man's house party, Ferdinand Rothschild's, I think, he was not pleased with his reception, or his place at the table, and declined to come downstairs. There were about 70 people at luncheon, and as many more, they told me, upstairs. Quantities of flowers, silver, servants, etc., and a band playing. After breakfast we all adjourned to the terrace and some photographic groups were taken. There was some wonderful shooting by some Americans which interested the Persians very much, and one of the Shah's suite was most anxious to try his hand at it, and forcibly took a rifle from the American, who protested vigorously, but the Persian kept hold of his gun and evidently meant to shoot, so the American appealed directly to the Prince, saying there would be an accident if he was allowed to go on; and the Prince interfered and persuaded the irate Oriental to give up his weapon.

They had asked a great many people to tea, but evidently the rain kept many away. The toilettes were most varied—every description of costume, from the Duchess of Rutland in white satin and diamonds (large stones sewed all over the body of her dress) to the simplest description of blue serge, covert coat, and even a waterproof carried over one's arm. I was thinking of going to get a cup of tea, when I crossed again the Duc d'Aumale, who was also looking for the tea-table, so we went off together and had a pleasant "quart d'heure." He is always so nice to W. and me, and is so distinguished-looking wherever he is—such extraordinary charm of manner and so soldierly. He had been much amused by the stories he had heard of the eccentricities of the Persian suite. One of the ladies staying in the house found two gentlemen sitting on her bed when she went up to dress for dinner. I must say I think it was awfully good of Lady Salisbury to ask them all to stay.

### For an Afternoon Ride.

*From Williams's "The Captain." (Lothrop.)*

HE swung along at an easy pace, and returned between the gateposts at Doctor Shirley's place with a welcome on his clean-shaven face for the big house which stood on a gentle rise in a circle of locust-trees at the end of the elm-shaded drive. There was dignity and an ample hospitality in its porch and gallery, its wide-open doors, and its walls cooled by the vines which clambered into the laps of the windows and wreathed the chimneys to their tops. Back of it was the white-washed kitchen with flaking walls. Beyond this, where the ground fell away in rolling reaches toward the east, were the cabins of the quarter; at one side, among gnarled orchard-trees, the spring-house, shoulder-high above the grass. Further east the meadows began, now bathed in the blue mist and yellow sunshine of an autumn afternoon. The peace of it entered into David's soul. There had never been another place like this to him,

there never would be. Here was his home. And this was the South in all its habits at least. A bitter distrust of those who would break in upon this peace welled in his heart. What right had they?

He pulled up his horse at the mounting-block. There was no one in sight. He waited a little while, then whistled; but drew only an echo. Again he whistled without an answer. Then he smiled at the open doors, and rode slowly down to the gate. He was aware that a departing back often wrought wonders.

Yet he came to the end of the drive, listening over his shoulder in vain. So he turned back toward the house. His horse threw up its head and strained at the bridle. But he was at the mounting-block once more, and a line was drawn between his eyes when, from the dimness of the hall, came a little cry, "Oh, so you are there at last!" And on to the porch, in all the trim propriety of riding-habit, stepped the figure which his eyes had been seeking for the quarter-hour past.

Holding her fine shoulders so proudly that she seemed a head above her stature, her eyes shaded by a wide hat, against which the curling brown hair was in rebellion, her skirt caught up in a slender hand so that David perceived that these were new boots, she came to the porch's edge.

"Well," she asked, "what have you to say?"

"To say?" he answered. "Me? You ought to be the one to say something. You told me to be here—"

"At three o'clock. It is now quarter past."

"Well?"

The gray eyes were stern, the mouth commanding.

### A Friend in Need.

*From "A Virginia Girl in the Civil War." (Appleton.)*

AMONG the groups thronging the tavern were a few graycoats who had been captured the day before. One of these prisoners, a tall, handsome man, walked restlessly up and down the room where we sat, his guard keeping watch on him. As he passed back and forth I looked at him sorrowfully, putting into my eyes all the sympathy and encouragement I dared.

There was something in his look when he returned mine that made me think he wanted to speak to me. Every time he passed I thought I saw his eyes growing more and more wistful under their drooping lids.

Without seeming to notice him I moved about the room until I got to a window which was in the line of his restless beat. I stood there, my back turned to him, apparently looking out of the window, until I disarmed the suspicion of the guard. Then I settled down into a seat, my side to the window, my back to the guard, my face to the prisoner when the turn in his beat brought him toward me. A swift glance showed him that I was on the alert. Not a muscle of his face changed—he was facing the guard—but when he turned and came back, as he passed me he dropped these words:

"Going south?"

He walked to the end of the room and



turned. Coming back, he faced me and the guard. As he passed I said:

"Yes."

When he came back, he said—always with his head drooped and speaking below his breath and so that his lips could hardly be seen to move:

"Take a message?"

When he passed back I said:

"Yes."

Returning: "Get word to Governor Vance of North Carolina——"

To the end of his beat, turning and passing again in silence, then as he walked with his back to the guard:

"You saw Charlie Vance here——"

To the end of beat one way, to the end another, and back again:

"Prisoner—captured in fight yesterday——"

Several beats back and forth in silence, then:

"Carried north——"

Again:

"Don't know where."

This was the last he had opportunity to say. I saw the orderly coming in.

### A Close Shave.

From Whitson's "Barbara, a Woman of the West."  
(Little, Brown & Co.)

THE cloud, drawing ever nearer, took on a misty front that hid its rolling folds and greenish mouth. Thunder began to break from it, and it seemed dissolving into rain, which, as it hissed downward, the sea rose up to meet. The breeze freshened into a half gale, flattening out the waves at first, then piling them up; and the bow of the boat, cutting and plunging through them, threw across the rail a drenching, salt spray. Barbara, sitting so far forward, caught the full force of it; but, though she gasped now and then as the spray went flying over her, she clung to her position, not deeming it wise to make a change.

Gordon began to cry, adding his voice to that of Ruth. Alice, who had reached the mature age of eleven and was by nature staid and womanly, tried with her mother to quiet the crying children.

"We're 'most in now," said Alice. "I think I can see the ships inside—don't you, Gordon? Hold on tight to mamma and we're all right."

"We're all right!" shouted Bream without looking at them. He was giving his entire attention to the management of the boat, critically eyeing the sail and the sea, the tiller moving now and then under his skilful hand. "Five minutes more——"

A big, green wave climbed over the bow and tore at Barbara as if it meant to pluck her from the rail, and she did not hear the completion of the sentence. The wave shook itself free, thrust a white hand up at the staggering sail and rolled past; and Barbara, looking ahead through the mist that began to envelop everything, saw familiar landmarks and knew that the harbor entrance was just ahead.

Bream's announcement was premature. The squall bore down now with a hissing scream; and when it struck, Barbara was sure they

were all going to the bottom together. She saw the sail fly by. It had been torn from Bream's hand, or he had let go of the sheet as a measure of safety. For a half minute the cat-boat seemed buried under a mountain of water; then it righted and flew up the channel at race-horse speed, the sail splitting and streaming out before like the broken wing of a bird.

### "A Little, Passionately, Not at All."

From Powell's "The House on the Hudson."  
(Scribner.)

"It will take three daisies to try fairly," said Madam, who evidently had faith in the test. She had become very solemn. "Can you spare so many, Athena?"

"She can spare all," said Randal. "What does she want with common field-flowers? Come, my fortune, Madam!"

I tucked a few daisies into my belt, yielding the rest to Fate.

"I'm fearfully agitated," cried Randal, pretending to shiver.

"*Un peu, beaucoup, passionnement, pas du tout*," recited Madam, monotonously, and with each sentiment a leaf fell.

"Translate somebody, quick!" Randal whispered, hoarsely. "I don't understand, and my nerves are in an awful state!"

Madam, really excited, paid no heed. Her expression told me that if the daisy showed favor she would cheat to gain her way, and pull off two leaves at once, to do so.

"*Un peu, beaucoup, passionnement, pas du tout*"—Philip's rich sweet voice chimed in with his mother's—"meaning, a little, much, passionately, not at all!"

"A little what?" asked Randal, pretending to be stupid.

"A little love," said Philip, looking at me instead of at his friend. "Not so good as 'much,' but far better than 'not at all!' And who dare hope for—'passionately'?"

"*Pas du tout?*" cried out Madam, her sing-song stopping suddenly. "*Pas du tout!*"

She clapped her hands, laughing with delight. Then, fearing she had been rude, hung her head like a child, glancing sideways at Randal to note if he were angry.

He was displeased. He could not endure being relegated to the background, though for me he cared nothing.

"One more trial—no, two more, Madam! It must be two out of three to win or lose," he cried.

Another daisy was stripped of its petals, with the same result as the first. The old lady's delight increased, an angry light gleamed in Randal's eyes.

"Now for Erranti's turn!" he said, irritably. "He looks very calm and satisfied, but I bet you the daisy'll knock the conquering hero out of him!"

"No, no," said Madam, quickly. "Philip does not believe in nonsense. I will try for Athena. She shall name her daisy softly, very softly, so that none may hear. Later I may know his name, *n'est-ce pas, petite?*"

I took the flower to do as she wished, when Philip laid his hand lightly on my arm.

"I name the daisy," he said, quietly. "Pray begin, *maman*."



### Peg's Dinner.

From Lewis' "Peggy O'Neal." (Drexel Biddle.)

PEG's dinner, as dinners go, was a creature of magnificence, with Peg, beautiful as a moss-rose, at the General's right, and Dolly Madison's own silver—massy, and, as the women said, "gorgeous,"—to glisten on the white napery. The General's wide-flung invitations were as widely accepted; and not alone the Van Burens and the Krudeners and the Vaughns, but the Calhouns and the Berriens and the Branches, and all of the sept of Nullification, were there, as though to put down any surmise of sulky fear for themselves to be the offshoot of that conflict of the toasts. Even the frivolous Pigeonbreast was with us undismayed; albeit he practiced a forbearance touching Peg, and never once after the first formalities so far forgot his caution as to be near enough to that sparkling lady to court the awful hazard of her glance.

There came but one clash beneath my notice, and that would feed my humor. Houston was just come into town, as rude and tangled a gentleman in every politer technicality as the bears of his native woods. With him for his table-mate he bore away the wife of Ingham of the Treasury. Houston guarded his prize to her place with a ferocious backwoods vigilance as though it were indeed the enemy's country and they in peril of some Indian ambushade with each new room they entered. The lady, with a tact as crude as Houston's knowledge of the drawing-room, perceiving the savageries of her protector, would be prompt to establish herself as directress of his manners. Poor Houston suffered more than once the humiliation of the lady's counsel, given in a high, obvious voice, and with the manner of one who corrects a novice dull to the confines of despair.

The rupture befell over fish and when a portion of delicate pompano was placed before the headlong Houston.

"That is not the fish fork," cautioned the lady in a whisper so loud it bred a smile on thirty faces either side of her; "that is not the fish fork; here, take this."

"By Satan's hoofs, madam!" exclaimed the wrathful Houston, whose long-stifled resentment would now be in the saddle, at the same time brandishing the huge trident he had somehow gotten hold on; "by Satan's hoof! keep your fish forks for whom you will. For myself, I'll eat this catfish with my saber if I have the mind."

### Why Do Women Form Clubs?

From Lyons' "Prudence Pratt." (Blackburne.)

"Now, we will have a cosey chat," said Judge Farrington, turning to Miss Dix. "They tell me you are the president of a woman's club. You don't look the part. What do you do there?"

Miss Dix laughed. "I suppose you expect to find all club-women fashioned on the old idea of the species—short hair, short skirt, and masculine manner?" she responded. "Do

you know, on this subject, men are wofully behind the times?"

"Well, we are willing to be enlightened by so charming an apostle of the sex"—with a courtly bow. "But tell me, why do women form clubs anyway? They seem to be crazy on the subject. Can't they find sufficient occupation or diversion in their home duties?"

"In the first place," explained Miss Dix, "the Woman's Club is neither properly understood nor appreciated, but the fact that it is such an important item in the world of women proves that it fills a needed want. Does it not?"

"It would seem so," answered the Judge, thoughtfully.

"If you will contrast the life of our grandmothers with the life of the present day, you will find a very good *raison d'être* for the Woman's Club," continued Miss Dix. "For instance, the occupations of the past, such as spinning, weaving, sewing, cooking, cleaning, and even the care of children, have been supplanted by modern inventions and trained help in all the domestic duties. There is really not enough for the women of average intelligence and energy to do. If her husband is successful in being able to support her in ease—it is mainly this class of women who enter club life—she is capable of directing her domestic machinery in a few hours devoted to that purpose, and then what is she to do the rest of the day? You must remember she has no business to look after, no engrossing interests to monopolize her time."

"She should spend her day in the gentle pursuits and amusements suitable to women," said Mrs. Letitia, who did not approve of women's clubs—"and then make herself beautiful and get her mind attuned to receive her husband when he returns from his daily toil."

"I know many brilliant women married to some of the brightest men of the present day," chimed in Prudence, "and I cannot recall one household, where the learned judge, lawyer, doctor, or merchant, as the case may be, does not immediately fly to the sofa in the library or sitting-room for a comfortable after-dinner nap. What about that 'attuned mind,' Letitia?"

### The Imitation Horse and the Automobile.

From Loomis' "Cheerful Americans." (Holt.)

"Oh James, look out!"

This interruption was involuntary on the part of Mr. Tucker, and his words were not noticed by his wife in the confusion of that which followed. They were going down a hill at a fearful rate, when the off foreleg of the wooden horse became a veritable off foreleg, for it hit a log of wood that had dropped from a teamster's cart not five minutes before, and broke off at the knee. The jar almost threw Mrs. Tucker out; she grasped the dash-board to save herself, and caught a momentary glimpse of the oddly working haunches of the imitation beast.

"Oh, John, he's running away."

Now this was not quite accurate, for he



was being pushed away by a runaway automobile.

Mr. Tucker noticed the increased speed and turned to admonish James.

James had left.

The departure of James was coincident with the collision, and he was at that moment extricating himself from a sapling into which he had been pitched. He yelled directions to Mr. Tucker, which lacked carrying power.

The vehicle had now come to a turn in the road, and not receiving any impulse to the contrary, it made for a stone wall that lay before it. Mr. Tucker knew nothing about the working of the machine, but with admirable presence of mind he seized a projecting rod, and the wagon turned to the left with prompt obedience, but so suddenly that it ran upon two wheels and nearly upset.

So far so good, but now what should he do? To get over to the back seat was either to give the whole thing away or else make Mrs. Tucker question his courage.

He was too obstinate to disclose his secret until he should be forced to, so he sat still and awaited developments. Developments do not keep you waiting long when you are in a runaway automobile, and in just one minute by his watch, although he did not time it, the end came.

Too late to do any good, John Tucker jumped over the back of the seat, because he saw the wooden horse again approaching a stone wall beyond which lay a frog-pond.

He pulled the lever as before, but he could not have pulled it hard enough, for the next moment there was a shock, and then Mrs.

Tucker sailed like a sprite through the air and landed in the water like a nymph, while some kindling-wood in a horsehair skin was all that was left of Mr. Tucker's thoroughbred.

Mr. Tucker was not hurt by the impact, for he grasped an overhanging bough and saved himself. He dropped to earth, vaulted a stone wall, and rescued the fainting figure of his wife. The kindly services of a farmer procured her the shelter of a neighboring farmhouse.

Mr. Tucker knew from past experience that his wife was an easy fainter, and after assuring himself that no bones were broken he left her for a few minutes that he might run out to seek for James, who might be at death's door.

He found him gazing upon the ruins of the wooden horse.

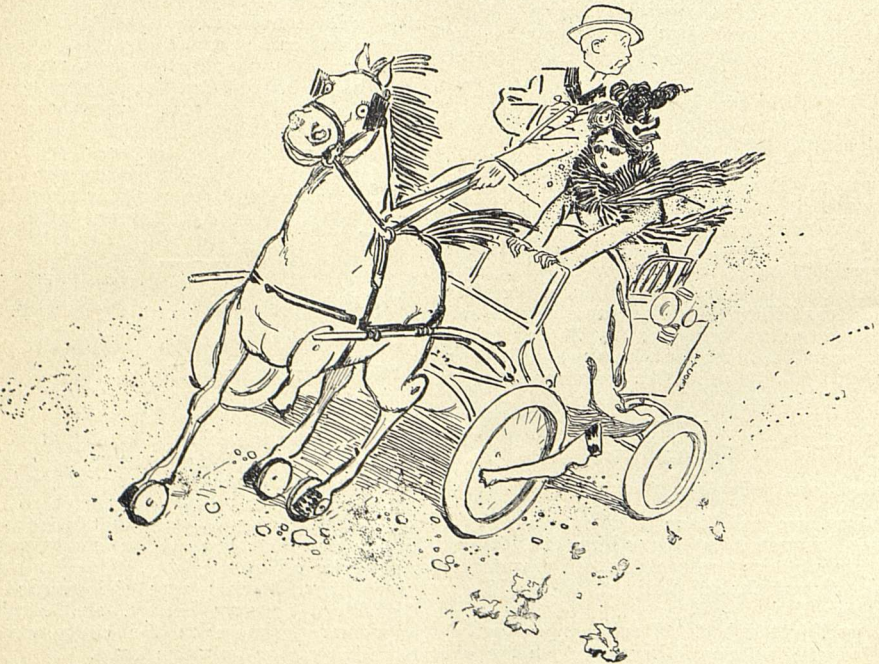
Upon learning that the man was uninjured he drew a bill from his pocket and said: "My boy, here's money for your expenses and your wages, and if there is any go in this machine run her to New York and tell your people that they can have her as a gift. I am through with automobiles."

But half hour later Mrs. Tucker, fully conscious but somewhat weak, sat up on the bed in the farmer's best chamber and said:

"John, I think that if it had been a horseless automobile it wouldn't have been so bad."

Whereupon John overtook James just setting out for New York, and gave him an order for one horseless automobile.

And now John is convinced that his wife is a thoroughbred.



From "Cheerful Americans."

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"OH, JOHN, HE'S RUNNING AWAY!"





From "My Woodland Intimates."

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## BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

mentioned or advertised elsewhere in this issue, with select lists of other suitable reading.

The abbreviations of publishers' names will guide to the advertisements, frequently containing descriptive notes.

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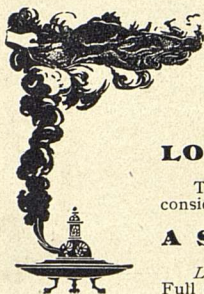
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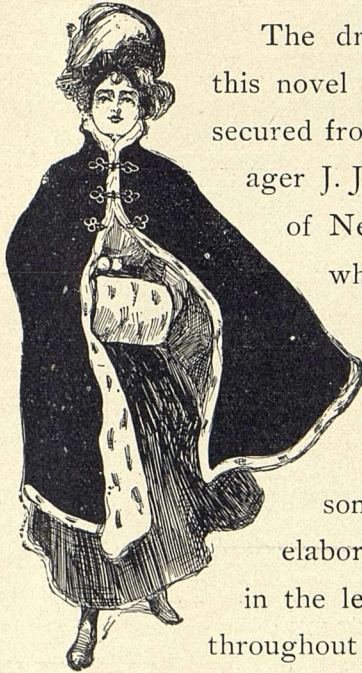
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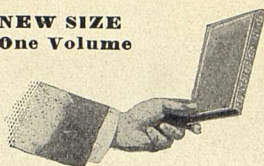
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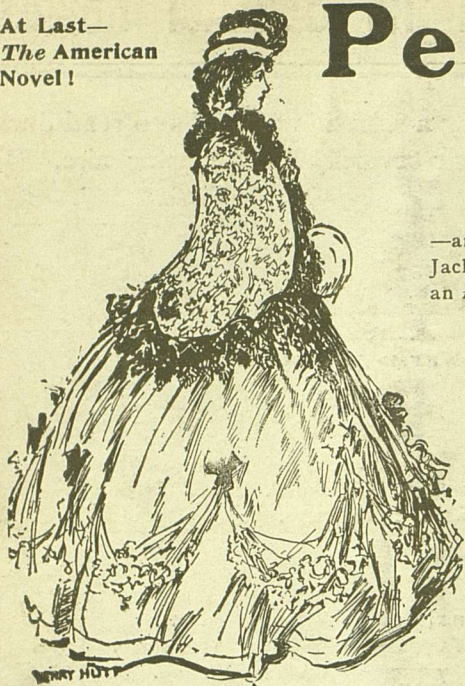
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